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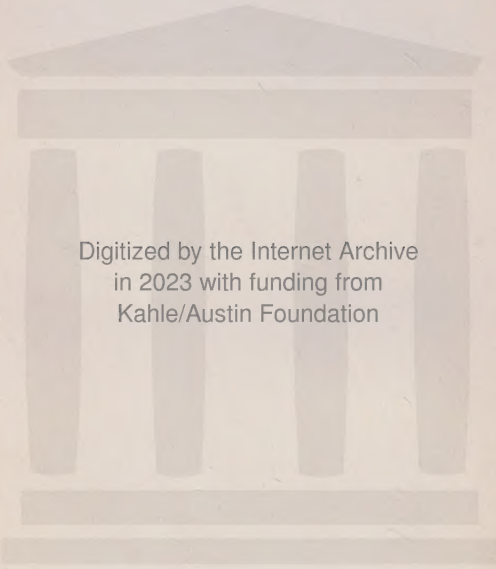


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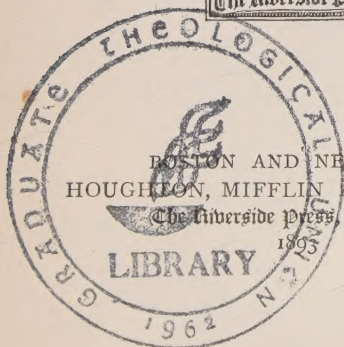
THE
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THE
F SPRING FROM ON HIGH

January

January 1. The Circumcision.

WHEN eight days were accomplished for the
circumcision of the child, his name was called
Jesus.

LUKE ii.

The dawn is sprinkled o'er the sky,
The day steals softly on ;
Its darts are scattered far and nigh,
And all that fraudulent is shall fly
Before the brightening sun.

HYMN : LAUDS [CARDINAL NEWMAN].

You wish to avoid falsehood ; it is one of the
great secrets of attracting the Spirit of God into
our hearts. Lord, who shall dwell in thy taber-
nacle ? asks David. He answers : He that speak-
eth truth in his heart. . . . Let your words be
few and sweet, few and good, few and simple,
few and sincere, few and pleasant.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES (1567-1622).

January 2.

Dearly beloved, let us love one another, for
charity is of God.

1 JOHN iv.

And judge none lost ; but wait and see,
 With hopeful pity, not disdain ;
 The depth of the abyss may be
 The measure of the height of pain
 And love and glory that may raise
 This soul to God in after days !

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Unfortunately, you cannot avoid hearing ill-natured gossip, but you must close your ears to it as much as possible. Turn the conversation if you can ; sometimes show that you are seriously displeased, but do it prudently.

DE RAVIGNAN.

Let us talk as little as may be about people, for praise soon palls, and a skillful analysis of character tends towards unkind criticism. In these days of wide interests and of books to suit every taste, conversation should surely steer clear of personalities.

January 3.

Jealousy as hard as hell, the lamps thereof are fire and flames.

CANTICLE OF CANTICLES viii.

Foul Jealousy ! that turnest love divine
 To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart
 With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,
 And feed itself with self-consuming smart,
 Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art !

EDMUND SPENSER (1553-1599).

Suspicious amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds : they ever fly by twilight.

BACON (1561-1626).

Sensitiveness without tenderness is a very terrible thing. When separated from it, sensitiveness

is for the most part allied to cruelty, and cruelty is a complete disability to be a saint. Cruel men are more common than we might have supposed, for modern society exhibits great facilities and conveniences for cruelty. . . . Nay, what too often is domestic life, because of this cruelty, but a veil behind which lie interminable regions of unhappiness, trodden wildly or trodden wearily by unsuspected thousands every day?

FABER.

January 4.

And the Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising. . . . The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Madian and Ephraim: all they from Saba shall come, bringing gold and frankincense, and showing forth praise to the Lord.

ISAIAH LX.

Scorning her wonted herald, lo the Day
Now decks her forehead with a brighter ray.
Sage Persian, haste; ask where high roofs unfold
Their royal wealth of marble and of gold;
In what rich couch an Empress-mother lies;
What halls have heard a new-born Prince's cries.
Would'st know, sage Persian? He for whom
Heaven keeps
Such festival, in Bethlehem's manger weeps.

R. CRASHAW [CL.]. D. 1650.

Never yet had kings more royal souls. . . .
They left their homes, their state, and their affairs, and journeyed westward, they knew not whither, led nightly by the star that slipped onward in its silent groove. They were representations of the heathen world moving forward to the feet of the universal Saviour.

FABER.

January 5.

We have seen his star in the east, and we are
come to adore him.

MATTHEW ii.

Twelve nights the Magi journey from afar,
Twelve days they tarry, waiting for the star.
Now towards the hills that Judah's plain enfold,
Drops down the sun, steeping in pallid gold
The wintry air, the water-pools, the sky,
'Telling the watchers that their sign draws nigh.

A troop of swarthy slaves in eager haste,
Bearing large cruses, jars, or caskets chased
In wondrous designs, encrusted o'er
With gems, and filled with incense, gold, and
 myrrh,
Pile them upon the beasts. Then with swift hand
They furl the tents, and wait their lords' com-
 mand.

Apart from all, the kings with steadfast gaze
Watch for the star. Each earnest sage surveys
The whole broad firmament, for who can say
Whither its light shall lead their feet to-day?
O'er desert, mountain, river, it hath shone,
O'er Herod's court, yet still it draws them on.

Decked to do homage are the royal seers,
With crownèd heads, gemmed hands, and jew-
 elled ears;
'Tired in gorgeous stuffs where fingers deft
Have twined with rainbow-hues the golden weft.
Now dies the day; with chant of love divine,
And outstretched arms, they hail the sacred sign.

Each laden camel struggles to his feet,
 Sprinkling the air with music silvery sweet
 Of tiny bells. The torch-light all around
 Makes uncouth shadows dance upon the ground ;
 Then all grows dark and still ; the reverent train
 Moves on towards Bethlehem o'er the rocky plain.

January 6. Epiphany.

And seeing the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And entering into the house, they found the child with Mary his mother ; and falling down, they adored him. And opening their treasures, they offered him gifts : gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

MATTHEW ii.

God is my gift, himself he freely gave me.
 God's gift am I, and none but God shall have me.

SOUTHWELL (1560-1595).

What right had ingots of ruddy gold to be gleaming in the cave of Bethlehem ? Arabian perfumes were meet for Herod's halls than for the cattle-shed scooped in the gloomy rock. The myrrh truly was in its place, however costly it might be ; for it prophesied in pathetic silence of that bitter-sweet quintessence of love which should be extracted for men from the sacred Humanity of the Babe in the press of Calvary. . . . The strange secrecy, too, with which this kingly, Oriental progress, with picturesque costumes, and jewelled turbans, and the dark-faced slaves, and the stately-stepping camels, passed over many regions, makes it seem still more like a visionary splendor, a many-colored apparition, and not a sober mystery of the humble incarnate Word.

FABER.

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January 7.

Art thou the first man that was born, or wast
thou made before the hills ?

JOB xv.

He that is wise hearkeneth unto counsels.

PROVERBS xii.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the fist,
Some falcon stoops at what her eye designed,
And, with her eagerness, the quarry missed,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind,

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing
And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud caws her craven kind doth bring,
Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird ?

DRYDEN.

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day.

DRYDEN (1631-1700).

Young men, in the conduct and manage of
actions, embrace more than they can hold ; stir
more than they can quiet ; fly to the end, without
consideration of the means and degrees ; use ex-
treme remedies at first ; and, that which doubleth
all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them,
like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor
turn. Men of age object too much, consult too
long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and
seldom drive business home to the full period,
but content themselves with a mediocrity of suc-
cess.

BACON.

January 8.

The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and
the violent bear it away.

MATTHEW xi.

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the World
And all her train were hurled.

H. VAUGHAN.

When we are tempted to believe ourselves
beaten in some good cause, let us remember Stephen
of Colonna, whom Petrarch loved for his indomitable
spirit. When his assailants, believing him conquered,
asked, "Where is your fortress now?" he placed his
hand on his heart and said, "Here, and one whose
strength will laugh a siege to scorn."

January 9.

O ye frost and cold, bless ye the Lord. O ye
ice and snow, bless ye the Lord.

SONG OF THE THREE HOLY CHILDREN.

In dazzling splendor, dazzling white,
Rounded and curved, how pure the snow!
How clear and cold the world below!
The world above, how calm and bright!

DORA READ GOODALE.

Lord, deliver me from all human respect,
double-dealing, and servile fear.

MOTHER MARGARET MARY HALLAHAN.

If we were to pass one single day in the clear
purity of Faith, as if it were sunshine, plunging

into its light, rejoicing in its warmth, how differently should we judge everything in the world, how many clouds would float away from our souls, giving place to a radiant day !

DE RAVIGNAN.

January 10.

O my son Absalom, O Absalom my son, O my son !

KINGS xix.

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness ;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
You owe me no subscription : then let fall
Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.

KING LEAR.

Unbending laws guard the virtues. Tenderness which enervates the object of its love, generosity which corrupts the recipient of its bounty, shall reap a bitter crop of grief ; of cynicism, too, on the same principle that turns a reformed spendthrift into a miser. We should not blame the victims of our weakness, but ourselves, for having carried a virtue into the region of the passions. See how God trains those whom He loves with more than the love of parent, lover, or friend, — in peace for combat, in calm for storm. Who does not know the ominous serenity that precedes a great trial ! Toil that braces every nerve is the price of success.

There is no use in breaking our hearts against eternal laws. Try to burst through them and we are in prison. Live within their precincts and we have the freedom of heaven and earth, — time and eternity are at our service.

January 11.

As dying and behold we live ; as chastised and
not killed.

2 CORINTHIANS VI.

Wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.

KING RICHARD II.

Every minute of our tranquillity is purchased
with patience. It is the great sacrament of peace,
the sanctuary of security, the herald and the badge
of felicity.

NIEREMBERG (1590-1658). [VAUGHAN.]

Le bonheur est une boule après laquelle nous
courons quand elle roule, et que nous poussons
du pied quand elle s'arrête.

CHERBULIEZ.

January 12.

O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt ?

MATTHEW XIV.

Not allwayes full of leaf nor ever spring,
No endlesse nighte, yet not eternal daye,
The saddest birdes a season find to sing,
The roughest storme a calm may soon allay :
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise yet feare to fall.

SOUTHWELL.

'There is but one remedy for anxiety, and that
is by using the firm force of patience to keep the
objects of our solicitude in their proper place,
and that place is outside of the feelings and
before the mind. For it is not the feelings but

the mind and will that are the true judges of things. When the feelings get mixed up with any subject of solicitude, they turn into passions, and become eager, excited, and restless; they confuse the mind and blind the judgment.

ULLATHORNE.

January 13.

Be of good heart; it is I, fear ye not.

MATTHEW xiv.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
The net that holds no greates, takes little fishe;
In some things all, in all things none are croste,
Few all they neede, but none have all they wish:
Unmeddled joyes here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

SOUTHWELL.

When we find ourselves in this state of troubled uncertainty and indecision, the subject of our anxiety should be dismissed altogether from the mind for a time, that it may be resumed when the feelings have subsided and the mind is clear. . . . When we have obtained a calmer temper and a better control of our feelings, on returning to the subject it will be for patience to keep the feelings in subjection whilst the will puts forth the attention of the mind without disturbance.

ULLATHORNE.

January 14.

Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.

MATTHEW v.

I read of the ermine to-day,
Of the ermine who will not step

By the feint of a step in the mire, —
 The creature who will not stain
 Her garment of wild, white fire.

The hunters come leaping on,
 She turns like a hart at bay.
 They do with her as they will.
 O thou who thinkest on this !
 Stand like a star, and be still.

Where the soil oozes under thy feet,
 Better, ah better to die,
 Than to take one step in the mire !
 Oh blessed to die or to live
 With garments of holy fire.

E. S. PHELPS.

Consider how noble is this virtue, which keeps
 our souls white as lilies, pure as the sun.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

January 15. Paul the First Hermit.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy
 laden, and I will give you rest.

MATTHEW xi.

The giants are failing, the saints are alive.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Paul was a native of the lower Thebaid in Egypt. At the age of fifteen he lost both his parents, and betook himself to a cave in the desert, to serve God in quietness and to escape from the cruelty of Decius and Valerian. A palm-tree gave him food and raiment until he reached the age of one hundred and thirteen years. At that time Anthony, aged ninety years, received a command from God to go and see him. They met

without knowing one another's names, and, having saluted each other, fell into discourse concerning the kingdom of God. Now a raven had for a long time brought Paul daily half a loaf, but on this day he brought a whole one. "Well," quoth Paul, "the Lord hath sent us our dinner. Truly he is gracious and merciful. Now sixty years I have had half a loaf each day, but thou art come and Christ giveth his soldiers double rations." They asked a blessing and eat together, sitting by a spring.

AFTER THE BREVIARY.

January 16.

I have seen all things that are done under the sun, and behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

ECCLESIASTES i.

A child had blown a bubble fair
That floated in the sunny air :
A hundred rainbows danced and swung
Upon its surface, as it hung
In films of changing color rolled,
Crimson, and amethyst, and gold,
With faintest streaks of azure sheen,
And curdling rivulets of green.
"If so the surface shines," cried he,
"What marvel must the centre be !"
He caught it, — on his empty hands
A drop of turbid water stands.

E. R. SILL.

God wishes not to deprive us of pleasure ; but He wishes to give us pleasure in its totality, that is to say, all pleasure.

Be steadfast, and never rest content until thou hast obtained the now of eternity as thy present

possession in this life, so far as this is possible to human infirmity.

BLESSED HENRY SUSO (1300-1365). [KNOX.]

January 17. St. Anthony, Abbot.

For what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

MATTHEW xvi.

O Holy Lord, who with the Children Three

Didst walk the piercing flame,

Help, in those trial hours which, save to thee,

I dare not name;

Nor let these quivering eyes and sickening heart

Crumble to dust beneath the Tempter's dart.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Anthony betook himself into the vast deserts of Africa that lie near Egypt. Day by day he advanced on the path to perfection. "Believe me, my brethren," he used to say, "Satan is afraid of good men's watchings, and prayers, and fasts, and voluntary poverty, and mercifulness, and lowliness, but, above all, of their warm love for Christ our Lord, the mere sign of whose most holy cross is enough to undo him and put him to flight." In the one hundred and fifth year of his age he gathered his monks about him, and, having exhorted them to strive after perfection, he passed to heaven in the year of our Lord 356.

AFTER THE BREVIARY.

January 18. St. Peter's Chair at Rome.

And I say to thee that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

MATTHEW xvi.

By all the words of peace and power that from
 St. Peter's chair
 Have stilled the angry world so oft, this glorious
 city spare:
 By the lowliness of him whose gentle-hearted
 sway
 A thousand lands are blessing now, dear Mother
 Mary! pray.

FABER.

In Rome were the dreams of an unbelieving philosophy to be destroyed, in Rome were the empty utterances of earthly wisdom to be confuted, in Rome was idolatry to be overcome, in Rome profanity to be put down, even in Rome, where the activity of superstition had gathered together from the whole earth every error which it could find. O most blessed apostle Peter! This was the city to which thou didst not shrink from coming. . . . Thou didst commit thyself to that stormy ocean more boldly than when thou walkedst upon the waters to come to Jesus.

ST. LEO THE GREAT, POPE (D. 461).

January 19.

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

MARK X.

With gates of silver and bars of gold
 Ye have fenced my sheep from my Father's fold;
 I have heard the dropping of their tears
 In heaven these eighteen hundred years.

LOWELL.

St. Elzear, a victorious commander, and famed for his successes in tournaments, said: "All in my

house shall hear mass every day ; so God be well served, nothing shall be lacking. . . . Yet I do not wish my castle to be a cloister, nor my people hermits. Let them be merry and well amused, but never at cost of conscience, or with offense to God. Nor will I have my coffers filled by emptying those of other men, nor by sucking the life-blood and the marrow of the poor."

January 20.

Be ye, therefore, wise as serpents and simple as doves.

MATTHEW X.

Lear. So young, and so untender ?

Cordelia. So young, my lord, and true.

KING LEAR.

There are certain limits to be set to the trustfulness of an open heart ; a reserve to be maintained, precautions to be taken. Jesus said : Behold, I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves.

DE RAVIGNAN.

Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies ; for that is but facility or softness which taketh an honest mind prisoner. Neither give thou Æsop's cock a gem, who would be better pleased and happier if he had a barley-corn.

BACON.

January 21. St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr.

He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation ; and with the robe of justice he hath crowned me, as a bridegroom decked with a crown, and as a bride adorned with her jewels.

ISAIAH lxi.

Death won no conquest, nor the thousand terrors
Kindred of death, — fierce torments bravely
borne ;

Gave she her blood ; that blood the radiance mir-
rors

Of life's new morn.

HYMN: BREVARY [THE REV. G. MOULTRIE].

The spectators were all in tears, and she alone did not weep. They beheld her with wonder, laying down that life, of which she had hardly begun to taste the sweets, as freely as if she had drained it to the dregs and was weary of it. . . . She stood, prayed, and then bent her neck for the stroke. Now mightest thou have seen the murderer trembling as if he himself were the criminal, the headsman's hand shake, and the faces of them that looked on turn white with fear, and all the while herself stand fearless.

ST. AMBROSE (D. 397).

January 22.

Judge not, that you may not be judged. For with what judgment you have judged, you shall be judged ; and with what measure you have measured, it shall be measured to you again.

MATTHEW vii.

We trample grasse and prize the flowers of Maye,
Yet grasse is greene when flowers do fade awaye.

SOUTHWELL.

. . . When you perceive that you distinguish yourself by laudable actions, and that others are negligent, you ought to suppose that, though these things are manifest, yet they labor in secret : . . . for there are many outwardly most honest who

make little interior progress ; and there are many of free and loose demeanor who are in heart most holy, and most beloved of God.

ST. BONAVENTURA (1221-1274).

. . . From what we know of ourselves, it is probable beforehand that some amount of jealousy, dislike, rivalry, triumph, or other unworthiness may mingle with our motives, and thus not only vitiate a whole series of actions, but even be superinducing a new habit of uncharitableness, or strengthening an old one, and also hindering all other growths of grace in the soul, so long as this canker is allowed to remain.

FABER.

January 23.

Now hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God.

MARK X.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heaps of gold that never could be spent ;
Of which some were rude ore, not purified
By Mulciber's devouring element ;
Some others were new-driven, and distent
Into great ingots and to wedges square ;
Some in round plates withouten moniment ;
But most were stamp'd, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and kesars strange
and rare.

EDMUND SPENSER.

The practice of economy lays the foundation of much virtue ; for it accustoms one to self-sacrificing habits, which lead to disinterestedness in every variety of form. And we ought to be grateful for any event in our destiny upon which by

force we must erect a virtue, which virtue will prove a satisfaction on earth, and a certain treasure when transferred to our heavenly abode.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER.

January 24.

Then Maccabæus himself, first taking his arms, exhorted the rest to expose themselves together with him to the danger, and to succor their brethren.

2 MACCABEES XI.

. . . That thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

SHAKESPEARE.

He only truly lives that lives not merely for his own ends. To live is not a private but a publick good ; the treasure of good living is diffusive ; the wise man is the naturall tutor of the people. . . . In national alterations, a wise man may change his outward carriage, but not his inward ; his mind must be dry and unmoved when his eyes flow with tears ; hee must bestow a compassionate, fatherly look upon the afflicted, and those that are soe weak as to believe that temporal sufferings can make them miserable. . . . Though hee himself stands in a secure station, from whence he can both distresse and defeat Fortune. yet must he help also to redeem others ; he must take the field with his forces, and set upon her with open valour, doing good, as Tzetzes saith, to all men, and abolishing everywhere the power of Fortune.

NIEREMBERG. [VAUGHAN.]

*January 25. Conversion of St. Paul the
Apostle.*

Go thy way, for he is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel.

ACTS ix.

The usual tremor, which I always have, to-day is on me,—that strange, frightening office of God's creature Paul! No asking for mercy, no doubt, no fear; but the *little* man, for he was *very* little, cried out, as no other creature ever did, "*Scio cui credidi, et certus sum, quia potens est depositum meum servare in illum diem justus iudex!*" There is no other saint I know of who has dared to stand in that attitude before God; and it glorifies God so intensely! . . . Then out comes another of those trumpet-like cries of the immense-hearted apostle, "*Gratia Dei in me vacua non fuit.*" What other saint ever ventured on such words? Then, again, incredible, incredible words, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." There is but one thing in the whole world like this: it is Job rising from his dunghill and arguing with God, and making God defend himself; and God loved it: and Job's pious friends, who blew up Job and defended God, — God simply tells them to get Job to offer sacrifice for them, that their foolish words may be forgiven. Why, it is a revelation of God and of God's love of *human* nature, a revelation in itself which would feed an angel's eternal contemplation.

FABER [LETTER DATED LONDON, C. OF ST. PAUL, 1853].

January 26.

But when thou makest a feast, call the poor,
the maimed, the lame, and the blind. And thou
shalt be blessed, because they have not where-
with to make thee recompense. LUKE xiv.

“ Yet, O God,” I said, “ O grave,” I said,
“ O mother’s heart and bosom,
With whom first and last are equal, saint and
corpse and little child !
We are fools to your deductions in these figments
of heart-closing !
We are traitors to your causes in these sympa-
thies defiled.” MRS. BROWNING.

Argolander, the Saracen, coming to Charle-
magne to be baptized and to confirm a truce,
found the king at dinner, surrounded by nobles
and priests who sat at various tables. Upon the
floor sat thirty men, meanly clad, eating a scanty
meal without table or table cloth. “ Who are
these ? ” he asked, and the king said that they
were messengers of the Lord Jesus whom he fed
daily in the name of Christ and his apostles.
Whereupon Argolander refused to be baptized
into a religion apparently so inconsistent. It is
a comfort to know that Charlemagne learned a
good lesson by the scandal given to the Saracen,
and gave orders that henceforth Christ’s messen-
gers should be treated in a seemly manner.

January 27. St. John Chrysostom.

And rend your hearts and not your garments,
and turn to the Lord your God. JOEL ii.

Yea, Lord, I know it ; teach me yet anew
 With what a fierce and patient purity
 I must confront the horror of the world.

F. W. H. MYERS.

John of Antioch, called by the Greeks Chrysostomos, or the "golden-mouthed," was an eminent lawyer and man of the world before he took orders. A. D. 386 he became a priest, and was soon forced to become Archbishop of Constantinople by the urgency of the Emperor Arcadius. He drew down upon himself the enmity of the Empress Eudoxia because he exposed the degradation of public morality, and twice he suffered banishment with other great hardships and cruelties. Being recalled to his see by the decree of a council, he died on the way home in the year 407, and his body was brought to Constantinople by order of the Emperor Theodosius, who prayed beside the grave for the souls of his own father and mother, Arcadius and Eudoxia.

AFTER THE BREVIARY.

January 28.

And whosoever shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea.

MARK ix.

. . . Plain and clear our words be spoke,
 And our thoughts without a cloak :

So the day's account shall stand,
 Guileless tongue and holy hand,
 Steadfast eyes and unbeguiled,
 "Flesh as of a little child."

HYMN : LAUDS [CARDINAL NEWMAN].

I have heard it objected that the conversation of grown persons cannot go on unreservedly in the presence of children. But any that cannot, ought not, as a general thing. Children do not understand what is above or beyond them, though they may be insensibly elevated by high-toned conversation which they cannot understand. And what is beneath them had better never be discussed. If a little child is a restraint on such conversation, then by all means let him be "set in the midst of them." RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER.

January 29. St. Francis de Sales.

(Charity) beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. 1 COR. xiii.

Wide was his parish, and houses fer asunder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thunder,
In sickness and in mischief to visite,
The ferrest in his parish, much and lite,
Upon his feet and in his hand a staff.
This noble ensample to his sheep he gave,
That first he wrought and afterward he taught.

CHAUCER (1328-1400).

A certain bishop complained to St. Francis that he himself was like a torch, wasting itself in giving light to others, and that he had so much to do for his flock that he had no time to think of his own soul.

"But the salvation of your people so nearly concerns your own," replied Francis, "that surely you are working for that while toiling for them. How can you save your own soul except by laboring for their souls, since that is the work to which God has called you?"

SPIRIT OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

January 30.

The Lord is my shepherd : I shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :
 he leadeth me beside the still waters. PSALM xxiii.

. . . O Soul ! thou hast not been my slave,
 Each knew the task the Master gave.
 To grovel on the earth was mine,
 To strive and strive forever thine.
 I feel thee struggling to be free !
 Patience ! the stars are calling thee.
 Nine decades have their mission wrought,
 With sorrows — more with blessings — fraught.
 Alas, I know not what thou art !
 In mercy doomed so soon to part,
 I gently crumbling in decay,
 Thou springing on thy mystic way,
 We cannot guess to whom, to what :
 Thou “canst not go where God is not.”

LOUISA J. HALL (1891).

Men's faces looking into a sunset are golden ;
 so are our lives when they look always into the
 countenance of coming death. FABER.

January 31.

Be sober and watch.

2 PETER v.

Drops do pierce the stubborn flinte,
 Not by force but often falling ;
 Custom kills with feeble dinte,
 More by use than strength prevailing ;
 Single sands have little weighte,
 Many make a drowning freighte.

SOUTHWELL.

O noble conscience, void of stain, to thee
How sharp the bite is of the smallest blame !

DANTE (1265-1321) : PURGATORY. [PARSONS.]

Every sin has a history : it is not an accident, it is the fruit of former sins in thought or deed ; it is the token of a habit deeply seated and far-extending. . . . Separate sins are like the touches and strokes which the painter gives, first one and then another, to the picture on his canvas ; and like the stones which the mason piles up and cements together for the house he is building. They are all connected together ; they tend to a whole ; they look towards an end, and they hasten to their fulfillment.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

February

February 1.

Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good :
and our land shall yield her increase.

PSALM lxxxiv.

I look across the brief, remaining space
Of chill and wintry days,
Till March to sprinkle violets shall begin,
And snowdrops white and thin.

I look through April, quick with scent and song,
To where the shining throng
Of laughing, garlanded May days come on,
With large light of the sun.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

A soul which tends energetically towards holiness and the perfection of the Christian virtues becomes a chosen instrument in God's hands ; a channel which He fills with His graces that they may be diffused in families, in communities, in society, throughout the whole church. To resist this influence from God would be egotism and pride. Humility is at every one's disposal ; humility understands self-conquest, sacrifice, and detachment.

DE RAVIGNAN.

February 2. Candlemas Day.

And Simeon blessed them, and said to Mary his mother : Behold, this child is set for the fall and

for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted. And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed.

LUKE ii.

The Angel-lights of Christmas morn,
Which shot across the sky,
Away they pass at Candlemas,
They sparkle and they die.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

As nightingales are said to have sung themselves to death, so Simeon died, not of the sweet weariness of his long watching, but of the fullness of his contentment, of the satisfaction of his desires, of the very new youth of soul which the touch of the eternal Child had infused into his age; and, breaking forth into music which heaven itself might envy and could not surpass, he died with his world-soothing song upon his lips.

FABER.

February 3.

And the child grew, and waxed strong, full of wisdom; and the grace of God was in him.

LUKE ii.

That He whom the sun serves should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh; that He the
old
Eternal Word would be a child, and weep;
That He who made the fire should feel the cold;
That Heaven's high Majesty his court should keep
In a clay cottage, by each blast controlled;
That Glory's self should serve our griefs and fears,
And free Eternity submit to years.

CRASHAW.

A serene, bright Will, then, not clouded with thick and muddy desires, will find the burdens of Fortune to be very light; for Fortune of herself is very light and easy, but she hath for panels our own lusts, which are heavier than her packs, and without these shee puts not one load upon us. Nothing tires and weighs us down but our own wishes, which evils — being ignorant that our burthen proceeds from them — we multiply with an intent to ease ourselves, but in the mean time the weight increaseth.

NIEREMBERG. [VAUGHAN.]

February 4.

The learning of a man is known by patience; and his glory is to pass over wrongs. PROVERBS xix.

Do we not all perceive in ourselves a tendency to become vulgar, to be interested with petty interests, to be recreated by foolish recreations, to be allured by ignoble pursuits? . . . Very high spirituality sets us far above all this. But which of us is dwelling in those regions? Meanwhile a taste for reading obviously does the same work for us in another way, and naturally with inferior success, yet with a success complete in its kind and degree. It raises us. It calls out our manhood. It makes us grave. It infuses an element of greatness into everything about us. FABER.

There followeth, for the latter part of January and February, the mezereon-tree, which then blossoms; crocus vernus, both the yellow and the gray; primroses, anemones, the early tulip, the hyacinthus orientalis, chamatrix fritellaria.

BACON.

February 5.

And I will give you a new heart, and put a
new spirit within you.

EZEKIEL xxxvi.

Forenoon and afternoon and night, — forenoon
And afternoon and night, —
Forenoon and — what?

The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is life : make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

E. R. SILL.

This is the day that God has given us ; no
other conceivable day belongs to us. It brings
the burden of past mistakes, of anxieties made
either by our own folly or by the faults or mis-
fortunes of others.

What can we do with this day, which must be
borne, patiently or impatiently, since no other is
at hand ? We can offer its pains, and successes,
and provoking failures, for souls more sorely tried
than ours. Every action and prayer can serve
God perfectly. We must not add fresh blunders
to those of the past ; we must be brave and cheer-
ful ; and for distinct consolation we can rest in
the will of God, asking nothing, receiving all.

February 6.

Behold, an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep
unto Joseph, saying : Arise, and take the child
and his mother, and fly into Egypt ; and be there
until I tell thee.

MATTHEW ii.

Alas ! mankynde, how may it betide,
That to thy Creator which that thee wrought,

And with his precious heart-blood thee bought,
Thou art so false and so unkynde, allas !

CHAUCER.

There was no perturbation, no hurry, although there was all a mother's fear. She took up her treasure, as he slept, and went forth with Joseph into the cold starlight ; for poverty has few preparations to make. . . . Here and there the night wind stirred in the leafless fig-trees, making their branches nod against the bright sky, and now and then a watch-dog bayed, not because it heard them, but from the mere nocturnal restlessness of animals. But as Jesus had come like God, so he went like God, unnoticed and unmissed. No one is ever less missed on earth than He on whom it all depends.

FABER : BETHLEHEM.

Alas ! our Day is forced to flye by nighte.

SOUTHWELL.

February 7.

Who arose and took the child and his mother by night, and retired into Egypt ; and he was there until the death of Herod.

MATTHEW ii.

GYPSY.

God be with thee, Lady dear,
Give thee comfort, give thee cheer !
Welcome, good old man, to thee,
With thy child, so fair to see !

MADONNA.

O my sister ! that kind word
Is the first that we have heard !
God reward thee from above
For thy courtesy and love.

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GYPSY.

Oh, alight, dear Lady mine !
 Something in thee seems divine !
 Let me — for I long to — bear
 In my arms thy infant fair.

MADONNA.

God be praised without end
 For the comfort He doth send ;
 Sister, kind indeed thou art,
 And thy words console my heart.

GYPSY.

If 't is not as you deserve,
 Still I hope that it may serve ;
 How can I, so poor and mean,
 Fitly entertain a queen ?

Here I have a little shed,
 Where the donkey can be led :
 Straw there is : I 'll bring some hay ;
 All can safely rest till day.

ROADSIDE SONGS OF TUSCANY. [F. ALEXANDER.]

The wilderness trembles in the mist, dissolves
 and changes. . . . The shadow of the Eternal
 Father has grown yet deeper upon Joseph ; and
 somehow, if we might dare to depict it so, the
 grace of maternity sits more gravely upon Mary's
 brow.

FABER.

*February 8. St. John de la Mata, Confessor,
 1169-1213.*

Is not this rather the fast I have chosen ?
 Loose the bands of wickedness, undo the bundles
 that oppress ; let them that are broken go free,
 and break asunder every burden.

ISAIAH lviii.

A strong and mighty Angel,
Calm, terrible, and bright,
The cross, in blended red and blue,
Upon his mantle white :

Two captives by him, kneeling
Each on his broken chain,
Sang praise to God, who raiseth
The dead to life again.

Dropping his cross-wrought mantle,
“Wear this,” the Angel said ;
“Take thou, O Freedom’s priest, its sign, —
The white, the blue, the red.”

Then rose up John de Matha
In the strength the Lord Christ gave,
And begged through all the land of France
The ransom of the slave.

At last, outbound from Tunis,
His bark her anchor weighed,
Freighted with sevenscore Christian souls
Whose ransom he had paid.

THE MANTLE OF ST. JOHN DE MATHA. [WHITTIER.]

John de la Mata founded the Order of the Most Holy Trinity, for the ransom of prisoners. He built convents, founded hospitals, ransomed many bondsmen ; and died, worn out with toil, bequeathing those in slavery to the brethren of his order.

February 9.

Blessed art thou, O Lord, in the firmament of
heaven.

SONG OF THE THREE HOLY CHILDREN.

What sights had burning eve to show . . .
 When Palma or Canary lay
 Cloud-cinctured in the crimson day, —
 Sea, and sea-wrack, and, rising higher,
 Those purple peaks 'twixt cloud and fire ! . . .
 O vaporous waves that roll and press !
 Fire-opalescent wilderness !
 O pathway by the sunbeams ploughed
 Betwixt those pouring walls of cloud !
 The scarlet, huge, and quivering sun
 Feared his due hour was overrun :
 On us the last he blazed, and hurled
 His glory on Columbus' world.

TENERIFFE. [F. W. H. MYERS.]

No wonder that the ancients made gods of the elements, so fit are they to inspire love and awe. Blessed are we in the faith that all beauty comes from the hand of one Creator, and He our very own God. The splendid imagery of fire-worship, the placid dreams of pantheism, the absorbing quest after Nirvana, — what are they compared to the union of the soul with God, our Father, Redeemer, and Inspirer ?

February 10. St. Scholastica.

I cried to him with my mouth, and I extolled
 him with my tongue.

PSALM lxxv.

Great truths are portions of the soul of man ;
 Great souls are portions of eternity.

LOWELL.

The worshipful Scholastica, the sister of our father, St. Benedict, was wont to visit her brother each year, outside the door, yet within the borders of his monastery ; and on one of these visits the night came, and the sister and brother and

his disciples brake bread together. Then she begged him : " Leave me not, I pray thee, but let us speak until day of the joy of the eternal life." But he said, " Sister, I can by no means remain out of my cell." Then she clasped her hands and besought the Lord Almighty, and from the clear sky there burst thunder and lightning and a flood of rain, so that no one could pass through the storm. " God forgive thee, sister, what hast thou done ? " he cried, and she replied, " Thou wouldst not hear me, but God has heard me." Then spent they the night in joyous discourse. And Benedict returned to his cell, and after three days he saw his sister's soul fly to heaven in the form of a dove.

February 11.

In my Father's house there are many mansions. If not, I would have told you ; because I go to prepare a place for you.

JOHN xiv.

The throne that shakes not is the Spirit's right ;
The heart and hope of man are infinite :
Heaven is his home, and, exiled here on earth,
Completion most betrays the incompleteness.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Socrates says to the disciples who surround him, awaiting the moment of his execution : " Is it likely that the soul, which is invisible, in passing to the place of the true Hades, which like her is invisible and pure and noble, and on her way to the good and wise God, whither, if God will, my soul is soon to go, that the soul, I repeat, if this be her nature and origin, will be blown away and destroyed immediately on quitting the body, as the many say ? " SOCRATES, B. C. 470-400. PLATO [JOWETT].

February 12.

He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, keepeth it unto life everlasting.

JOHN xii.

Saintly fruitions and divine desires
Are blended there in rapture without change.

AUBREY DE VERE.

That can never be, my dear Simmias and Cebes. The truth rather is, that the soul which is pure at departing and draws after her no bodily taint, having never voluntarily during life had connection with the body, which she is ever avoiding, herself gathered into herself, and making such abstraction her perpetual study, — which means that she has been a true disciple of philosophy, and therefore has been always engaged in the practice of dying . . . that soul, I say, herself invisible, departs to the invisible world — to the divine and immortal and rational: thither arriving, she is secure of bliss, and is released from the error and folly of men, their fears and wild passions and all other human ills, and forever dwells, as they say of the initiated, in company with the gods.

JOWETT'S TRANSLATION OF PHAEDO. PLATO [B. C. 430-348].

February 13.

Amen, amen, I say to you, unless the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.

JOHN xii.

For things immortal man was made,
God's image, latest from his hand,

Co-heir with Him, who, in man's flesh, arrayed
Holds o'er the worlds the heavenly-human
wand.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison, I shall leave you to go to the joys of the blessed, these words of mine, with which I was comforting you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. . . . I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave, or bury him, for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that whatever is usual, and what you think best.

PHAEDO: PLATO. [JOWETT.]

February 14.

For our present tribulation, which is momentary and light, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory. 2 COR. iv.

Time lifted his hoary head and listened,
Earth shook 'neath the tread of the coming Christ.

"Then," says Phaedo, "he put the cup to his lips, and drank it off with the utmost serenity and sweetness. Up to this time most of us were able to keep back our tears; but then . . . we could refrain no longer. In spite of myself, my tears flowed so abundantly that I drew my mantle over my head and wept to myself, not grieving for Socrates, but for my own loss of

such a friend. . . . All were moved to tears but Socrates himself, and he said: ‘O my friends, what are you doing? I sent the women away, lest they might behave unwisely; for I have heard that we ought to die with good words in our ears. Be silent, then, and be brave.’”

PHAEDO: PLATO. [WHEWELL.]

February 15.

Him that knew no sin, for us he hath made sin, that we might be made the justice of God in him.

2 CORINTHIANS v.

That Truth reveal'd, by thee in madness spurn'd,
 Plato, thy master in the walks of light,
 Had knelt to worship! For its day he yearn'd
 Through the long, hungry watches of the night;
 Its dawn in Thought's assumptions he discern'd
 Silvering hoar Contemplation's star-lov'd height.

LINES TO SHELLEY: AUBREY DE VERE.

Thus did this divine man (Socrates) discourse a few hours before his death, quite after the manner of Fénelon and the Christians of his school, displaying all that sweet, infantine, joyous simplicity, united with the profoundest sentiment, which seems the high privilege of wisdom, and of him who has obtained the mercy of God.

KENELM DIGBY.

February 16.

Have the faith of God.

MARK xi.

I have done one braver thing
 Than all the Worthies did;

And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

DONNE (1573-1631).

Perform one single action braced with the faith that moves mountains, and see what you shall achieve for the cause you love, for the friend you would help, for the God you would serve.

The ape, contending with the lyonesse, told her that she was a very fair creature, but very barren. For you — said the ape — bring forth but one at a birth, and I bring six or more. 'Tis true — replied the lionesse — but thy six are six apes, and my one is a lion.

SIR HENRY VAUGHAN (1621-1695).

February 17.

Bear ye one another's burdens : and so you shall fulfill the law of Christ.

GALATIANS VI.

Fix in our hearts, Redeemer dear,
The ever-gushing spring
Of grace to cleanse, of life to cheer
Souls sick and sorrowing.

HYMN : MATINS. [CARDINAL NEWMAN.]

When we went to say good-night to our mother, she would exclaim, "And now, children, where are your monuments?" Then we made haste to bring her any little task we had completed, any small work done, and receive either her commendation, or an emphatic urging to do better next time. But this was not all; she would often remark on the friends who had come and gone that day, and say: "When I was out to-day, I heard that Mrs. So-and-so called. She is old and poor,

and had walked a long distance. Did you ask her to stop, and give her a warm seat, and tell her to stay to dinner, or wait till I came home?" Alas! intent on play, we had never thought of it. . . . "Oh, my dear children," would be the answer, given with some emotion, "you've lost your opportunity." These words made an intense impression on my mind.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER.

February 18.

O ye Sun and Moon, bless ye the Lord: O ye stars of heaven, bless ye the Lord.

SONG OF THE THREE HOLY CHILDREN.

Let me arise, and away
To the land that guards the dying day,
Whose burning tear the evening star
Drops silently to the wave afar, —
The land where summers never cease
Their sunny psalm of light and peace;
Whose moonlight, poured for years untold,
Has drifted down in dust of gold;
Whose morning splendors, fallen in showers,
Leave ceaseless sunrise in the flowers.

E. R. SILL.

Ah, gentle God, if thou art so lovely in thy creatures, how exceeding beautiful and ravishing thou must be in thyself!

BLESSED HENRY SUSO. [KNOX.]

February 19.

And his parents went every year to Jerusalem, at the solemn day of the pasch. And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem,

according to the custom of the feast. And after they had fulfilled the days, when they returned, the Child Jesus remained in Jerusalem ; and his parents knew it not.

LUKE ii.

Ah, to thy mother, ah, return,
My fair, beloved Son ;
Return not to thy native skies,
My heaven-descended One.
Thy mother's arms thy heaven would be,
Enfolding thee around,
If thus within these innocent arms
The great God might be found.

B. CRASHAW. [G.]

He who falls down to show his veneration to the mother of Christ, without doubt he offers that honor to the Son. Yes, all things which are thine, O Lord, we adore, we show reverence to, we embrace with love, — thy divinity, power, and goodness, thy mercy to us, thy descent and incarnation. . . . We adore thy image, we adore all things which are thine, thy ministers, thy friends, and, above all, thy mother, who bore God.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

February 20.

Did you not know that I must be about my father's business ?

LUKE ii.

There it appeared to one that in a vision
Ecstatic on a sudden I was rapt,
And in a temple many persons saw ;
And at the door a woman, with the sweet
Behavior of a mother, saying : " Son,
Why in this manner hast thou dealt with us ?

Lo, sorrowing, thy father and myself
Were seeking for thee."

DANTE: PARADISE. [LONGFELLOW.]

No portion of the sacred narrative appeals more tenderly to our human sympathy than the three days' loss of the Holy Child. Sometimes we, too, seem to lose Him, and with Him the thread that guides us through the labyrinth which we call life. It is like being in a catacomb without a torch. Let us beware of adding to this innocent grief the voluntary fault of losing faith in God's providence.

February 21.

O ye winter and summer, bless ye the Lord.

SONG OF THE THREE HOLY CHILDREN.

Praised be our Lord (to echo the sweet phrase
Of saintly Francis) for our Sister Snow,
Whose soft, soft coming never man may know
By any sound; whose down-like touch allays
All fevers of worn earth. She clothes the days
In garments without spot, and hence doth go
Her noiseless shuttle swiftly to and fro,
And very pure and pleasant are her ways.
But yesterday how loveless looked the skies!
How cold the sun's last glance, and unbenign,
Across the field forsaken, russet-leaved!
Now pearly peace on all the landscape lies.
Wast thou not sent us, sister, for a sign
Of that vast mercy of God, else unconceived!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

If God be all this in time, what must eternity be like? Oh happy, happy saints! for awhile longer you shall be in his beautiful light, and we be far, far away: for awhile — yet but for awhile,

and then we also shall be with you, with the same glad light of that Divine Face shining full upon our ransomed souls.

FABER.

February 22.

He Who Is hath sent me to you. EXODUS iii.

Here, where we stand, stood he, the purely great,
Whose soul no siren passion could unsphere,
Then nameless, now a power and mixed with fate.

“UNDER THE OLD ELM,” WHERE WASHINGTON TOOK COMMAND
OF THE ARMY, JULY 2, 1775. [J. R. LOWELL.]

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. — Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? — It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. — Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

February 23.

Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you. Be not, therefore, solicitous for to-

morrow ; for the morrow will be solicitous for itself. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

MATTHEW vi.

Go, wretched mortal, antedate the day,
 Fill thee with care ;
 Work thyself mis'ries, in a perverse way,
 Before they 're there.
 Enough for me the day's cares in the day,
 The passing hour ;
 Enough the tears that daily, yea or nay,
 In sorrow low'r.
 I have no leisure thus to antedate
 The coming woe,
 Nor to-day darken with to-morrow's fate,
 And so I go. R. CRASHAW. [G.]

Anxiety has a certain paralyzing influence, compressing the soul with ligaments of fear, suspense, and uncertainty that impede and stifle the freedom of her powers. St. Gregory describes it by a strong figure as "strangling the throat of the mind." A modern writer has described it as fright spread thinly through the soul.

ULLATHORNE.

February 24.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where the rust and the moth consume, and where thieves dig through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither the rust nor the moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. MATT. vi.

No wind so changeable, no sea so wavering,
 As giddy Fortune in reeling varieties ;
 Now mad, now merciful, now fierce, now favoring,
 In all things mutable but mutabilities. SOUTHWELL.

St. Bernardin relates of a certain confessor, who, attending a rich man at the time of his death, could get no other word from him but "How sells wool? What price bears it at present?" And the priest still urging him, saying, "Sir, for God's sake, leave off this discourse, and take care of your soul, and confess your sins;" all he could get from him was, "I cannot," and with these words he died. . . . Plutarch records a saying of Plato, who, when he was desired by a certain people to give them a body of laws, and to settle their government upon wise principles, gave them this oracular answer: "It is very difficult to give laws to so prosperous a people."

KENELM DIGBY.

February 25. St. Matthias, Apostle.

And the children of men shall put their trust
under the shadow of thy wings.

PSALM xxxv.

Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him; it was blessedness and love.

WORDSWORTH.

Twice or thrice a day, look to see if your heart
is not disquieted about something; and if you
find that it is, take care forthwith to restore it to
calm.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

Nothing can be more splendid than these winter mornings before the sun is up. From my window I saw to-day the great oriflamme of dawn,

blown by the morning wind, and in its field of gold a silver crescent and a silver star.

LONGFELLOW.

February 26.

And David said to the Philistine : Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield ; but I come to you in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, which thou hast defied.

1 KINGS xvii.

O Goliath, unmeasurable of length,
How mighte David maken thee so mate ?
So young, and of armure so desolate ?
How durst he look upon thy dreadful face ?
Well may men see it was but Goddes grace.

CHAUCER.

Once, a great many years ago, she (Edwige) and I were trying to accomplish something which we considered of consequence for some of our friends, and a person who had promised to help us failed at the last minute. I was much discouraged, and said, "We have no one now but the good Lord to help us." And she answered contentedly, "I rather think if we have Him we shall not want any one else."

STORY OF EDWIGE. [F. ALEXANDER.]

February 27.

Give us this day our daily bread.

LUKE xi.

Father ! the sweetest, dearest Name
That men or angels know !

FABER.

One night, as she (Edwige) was dividing the bread to the children, she said : " We must eat

moderately to-night, because this bread must last to-morrow." And little Tonina, then six years old, said, "I do not think so, for we are told to say, in the Lord's Prayer, *Give us this day our daily bread*. God would never have told us to ask for it if He had not meant to give it to us. Let us eat all we need to-night, and then say that prayer all together, and He will send us some more to-morrow." This was such plain common sense that there was no contradicting it: the hungry family finished all the bread that evening, then knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer with great devotion. And the next morning, being stormy weather, a neighbor sent them in a little provision; and Tonina was delighted, and said: "You see that I had reason!" I think that was the last time; the family were never reduced to such great extremity again.

STORY OF EDWIGE. [FRANCESCA ALEXANDER.]

February 28.

I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

JOHN xi.

Angel. Now let the prison ope its golden gates,
Making sweet music as each fold revolves
Upon its ready hinge. And ye great powers,
Angels of purgatory, receive from me
My charge, a precious soul, until the day
When, from all bond and forfeiture released,
I shall reclaim it for the courts of light.

DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

Suffering and peace are marvelously mingled in purgatory. There all suffering comes from

God's hand, and the resistance of the will forms no part of the pain. Happy he who can suffer in pure peace and acquiescence and non-resistance.

FÉNELON (1651-1714).

God will bless the little you have, and He will content you. No, no; it is not difficult for God to do as much with five barley loaves as Solomon with all his cooks and purveyors. Abide in peace.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

February 29.

For in many things we all offend. If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.

ST. JAMES iii.

O God! that I could be with thee
Alone by some sea shore,
And hear thy soundless voice within,
And the outward waters roar!

Upon the wings of wild sea-birds
My dark thoughts would I lay,
And let them bear them out to sea
In the tempest far away.

FABER.

The casual observer is wont to notice the occasions of the irritable word, the impatient gesture, and they always seem insufficient for the effect. One who looks deeper knows that the cause lies deeper; that the irritability, coming inevitably from so many sources of fatigue and anxiety, must have a vent somewhere; and, unfortunately for our poor human nature, the safety-valve will often be the one best loved, most tenderly cherished, — only, alas! because on that perfect love and understanding we can always fall back.

S. I. LESLEY.

March

March 1.

O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord!
O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye
the Lord!

SONG OF THE THREE HOLY CHILDREN.

First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
And armèd strongly, rode upon a ram,¹
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also bent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,²
Which on the earth he strewèd as he went,
And filled her womb with fruitful hope of nour-
ishment.

EDMUND SPENSER.

I asked the earth and it answered, "I am not
He," and all within it confessed the same. I
asked the sea and the deeps, and the living,
creeping things, and they answered, "We are
not thy God, seek above us." I asked the mov-
ing air, and the whole air with its inhabitants
answered, "Anaximenes was deceived, I am not
God." And the heavens, sun, moon, stars, said,
"Nor are we the God whom thou seekest." . . .
And they cried out with a loud voice, "He made
us." My questioning them was my thoughts on
them; and their form of beauty gave the answer.

ST. AUGUSTINE: CONFESSIONS (354-430).

¹ Spenser mentions the constellations of the zodiac, each
with the month in which the sun enters it.

² Together.

March 2.

O ye showers and dew, bless ye the Lord!
 O ye winds of God, bless ye the Lord!

SONG OF THE THREE HOLY CHILDREN.

The soft, warm, dreamy spring-time air,
 The tiny plants so green and fair,
 The budding willow catkins, where
 The breezes Spring's first fragrance bear,
 All tell us it is March.

The spring-time rains, that gently fall
 And water, wake and freshen all;
 The starting trees, so straight and tall,
 The robin's note, the bluebird's call,
 First songs that say so much!

DORA READ GOODALE.

Christ made himself an infant to infants, that
 He might sanctify them; He made himself a
 child to children, giving holiness to those of that
 age, to the end He might afford them in his
 person an example of piety, and sanctity, and
 subjection. He made himself a young man to
 young men, giving them a pattern, and sanctify-
 ing them for the service of our Lord.

ST. IRENÆUS (D. 202).

March 3.

Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus, therefore,
 being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the
 well. It was about the sixth hour. JOHN iv.

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings
 From this base world unto thy heaven's height,
 Where I may see those admirable things

Which there thou workest by thy sovaine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof a heavenly Hymne may sing
Unto the God of Love, high Heaven's King.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Our Lord took his apostles aside when they were fatigued, and said, "Let us rest awhile." He never drove his over-tired faculties. When tired, "He sat by the well." He used to go and rest in the house of Martha and Mary after the fatigues of working in Jerusalem. The Scripture shows it was his custom. He tells us all, you and me and all, to let to-morrow take care of itself and merely to meet the evil of the present day. Real foresight consists in reserving our own forces. If we labor with anxiety about the future, we destroy that strength which will enable us to meet the future. If we take more in hand now than we can well do, we break up, and the work is broken up with us.

ULLATHORNE.

March 4.

Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword?

ROMANS viii.

She never undertook to know
What death with love should have to do;
Nor has she e'er yet understood
Why, to show love, she should shed blood;
Yet, though she cannot tell you why,
She can love and she can die.

ST. THERESA. [CRASHAW.]

The first Christians found ceaseless joy within

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sight of their one great hope ; their eyes beheld Heaven forever open. Crosses, insults, torture, death, had no power to depress them. They knew what infinite liberality kept record of these griefs ; they could not suffer enough ; they were overjoyed to be thought worthy of deepest humiliation. And we, cowardly souls, do not know how to suffer, for we do not know how to hope ; the lightest crosses overwhelm us, even those made by our own pride or imprudence or false sensibility.

FÉNELON.

March 5.

For you are the temples of the living God.

2 CORINTHIANS VI.

Whence comes this peace ? In truth it does surpass

Man's understanding ; who can tell me whence ?
Wretched I was and weak, and went to Mass
In such dismay as unbelief will bring
A thing of iron with a heart of brass.

But even as I knelt a peace immense
Flooded my soul ; a voice began to sing
" Asperges me ! " and then I shall be clean.

Oh, sprinkle me with hyssop ! if you can

Thereby make white again as wayland snow,
Drifted in orchards, this worn spirit of mine ;

And I will come again, thou white-robed man,
And through the mist of many things divine
Shall at thy *Sursum Corda* ! leap from woe.

CATHOLIC WORLD, JULY, 1892. [T. W. PARSONS.]

To find God and to be one with God, a solitary life in the desert was not necessary to St. Joseph. He was in the world and found God where he was. He sanctified his work by carrying God with him into the workshop.

I. T. HECKER.

March 6.

And when I had seen him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying : Fear not, I am the first and the last.

APOCALYPSE i.

And what am I to thee ? A raindrop placed
 In an o'erteeming cloud ?
 A snowflake drifting o'er the northern waste
 When winds are loud ?
 An atom or a nothing where sublime
 Worlds, planets piled, thy praise unceasing chime ?

Not so ; for in thy living image made,
 Conscious of will, of immortality,
 In thy tremendous attributes arrayed,
 Like thee, a Lord, yielding alone to thee —
 What awful dignity ! what power divine !
 A semblance of infinitude is mine.

CATHOLIC WORLD, 1868. [C. E. B.]

Now, if we love God, the reward promised us is nothing less than the sight of God himself, face to face, not transiently, . . . but an abiding vision, a glory and a gladness, a marvelous rapture of the will, and an ecstasy of vast intelligence, forevermore.

FABER.

March 7. St. Thomas Aquinas, 1226–1274.

I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock.

MATTHEW vii.

When the Priest the Victim breaketh,
 See thy faith in no wise shaketh,
 Know that every fragment taketh
 All that 'neath the whole there lies :

This in Him no fracture maketh,
 'T is the figure only breaketh,
 Form, or state, no change there taketh
 Place in what it signifies.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS: LAUDA SION. [WACKERBARTH.]

This great philosopher's writings are so wonderful, because of their variety, depth of reasoning, and clearness of expression, that they have won for him the title of the Angelic Doctor or Teacher. He refused all ecclesiastical promotion, and was a humble friar preacher. At Naples once, when he was kneeling before the crucifix, he heard a voice say: "Thomas, thou hast written well of Me, — what reward wilt thou have?" He answered, "Lord, — thyself."

AFTER THE BREVIARY.

March 8. St. John of God, 1495–1550.

Through God we shall do valiantly; and he it is that shall tread down our enemies. PSALM cvii.

Stand like a tower, firm-based, that will not bow
 Its head to breath of winds that soon are gone.
 The man o'er whose thought second thought hath
 sway,

Wide of his mark is ever sure to miss,
 Because one force the other wears away.

DANTE: PURGATORY. [PARSONS.]

Great is the gain of having God for judge and the justifier of the conscience, inasmuch as what He approves no one can condemn; whilst, on the other hand, to be justified by man matters nothing, when it is contrary to the secret judgment of God.

FRA THOMÉ DE JESU.

John of God was born in the year of our Lord 1495 at Montemor in Portugal. He gave all he had to the poor, and became a gazing-stock to every one by the depth of his repentance and self-contempt; to that extent that he was called mad and put in a mad-house. Thus learning the sorrows of the weak ones of the world, he built, on his release, a large hospital, and founded the Order of Hospital Brothers, who are to this day working all over the world for the relief of suffering.

AFTER THE BREVIARY.

March 9. St. Frances of Rome, Widow, 1384-1440.

Honor widows, that are widows indeed.

I TIMOTHY V.

Virgins holy, matrons lowly,
Gleaning in his fields of wheat;
Widows prayerful; mothers careful,
Children playing near his feet;
Doctors, teachers, hermits, preachers,
Pouring out their oil and wine;
Meet before Thee, to adore Thee,
Lamb of God, O Christ divine!

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.

St. Frances, exquisite in her life, both as matron and widow, had the privilege of beholding her guardian angel in some clear and celestial manner. She was of a most sweet and gracious disposition; and one day, when twice she had left her devotions in order to fulfil some kindly duty, she found, on coming back to her prayers the second time, the sentence where she had paused written in letters of gold.

The sweet task done,
 And on her bended knees once more begun,
 The interrupted psalm (oh, bliss untold!) —
 Upon the sacred page beneath her eyes,
 Sparkling and glowing with the sweet surprise,
 “*Beatus Vir*” *was writ in lines of gold!*

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

March 10.

Is not this the carpenter’s son? MATTHEW xiii.

’Mid Nazareth’s sequestered mountains
 How lovely was the Household of the Three,
 And by the desert’s crystal fountains
 What secret wonders did not angels see!

FABER.

The house of St. Joseph was his cloister, and in the bosom of his family he practised the sublimest virtues. While occupied with the common daily duties of life his mind was fixed on the contemplation of divine truths, thus breathing into all his actions a heavenly influence. He attained in society and in human relationships a degree of perfection not surpassed, if equaled, by the martyr’s death, the contemplative of the solitude, the cloistered monk, or the missionary hero.

I. T. HECKER.

March 11.

For God so loved the world, as to give his only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting.

JOHN iii.

And is there love in Heaven? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?

There is: else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts: But, oh, th' exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

FAERY QUEENE. [SPENSER.]

God changes nothing in the reprobate soul to produce suffering. He leaves it with its sin and that makes its torture, its hell. Hell means an eternity without God; an eternity without light; an eternity without peace; an eternity without possessions; an eternity without love. DE RAVIGNAN.

March 12.

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be
as white as snow; and though they be red like
crimson, they shall be as wool. ISAIAH.

Haunting gloom and flitting shades,
Ghastly shapes, away;
Christ is rising, and pervades
Highest Heaven with day.

He with his bright spear the night
Dazzles and pursues;
Earth wakes up, and glows with light
Of a thousand hues.

HYMN: LAUDS. [CARDINAL NEWMAN.]

There is an absolute identity between hell and sin; sin is voluntarily committed, hell is voluntarily incurred; hell and sin are equally the loss of God. The soul is unconscious of this on earth; but becomes conscious of it in hell, where the truth must be accepted.

God does not choose eternal fire for the lost soul; it had voluntarily separated itself from Him, and He leaves it where it had placed itself, far from Him. God does not touch the soul; He leaves it, and its Hell begins. DE RAVIGNAN.

March 13.

Sing unto God, sing praises to his name.

PSALM lvii.

All night, through the deep cañon's organ pipes,
Swept down the grand orchestral harmonies
Tumultuous, till the hills' rock buttresses
Trembled in unison.

The sun has risen,
But still the storming sea of air beats on,
And o'er the broad green slopes a flood of light
Comes streaming through the heavens like a wind
Till every leaf and twig becomes a lyre
And thrills with vibrant splendor. . . .
A moment since, a flock of twittering birds
Whirled through the almond-trees, like scattered
leaves,
And hid beyond the hedge.

CALIFORNIA. [E. R. SILL.]

Adorable He is in his eternal rest, adorable in the glory of his court, adorable in the beauty of his works, most adorable of all, most royal, most persuasive in his deformity. . . . I cannot comprehend Thee more than I did before I saw Thee on the cross; but I have gained my lesson. As I adore Thee, O Lover of souls, in thy humiliation, so will I admire Thee and embrace Thee in thy infinite and everlasting power.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

March 14.

Spread a path before Him that rideth upon the
heavens : The Lord is his name.

PSALM lvii.

. . . From the unsullied, farthest North,
Where crashing icebergs jar like thunder-shocks,
And midnight splendors wave and fade and flame,
Thou bring'st a keen fierce joy. So wilt thou
help

The soul to rise in strength, as some fierce wave
Leaps forth, and shouts, and lifts the ocean-foam,
And rides exultant round the shining world.

THE NORTH WIND. [E. R. SILL.]

Everywhere the greater joy is ushered in by
the greater pain. What means this, O Lord my
God, whereas Thou art everlastingly joy to thy-
self, and some things around Thee evermore re-
joice in Thee. . . . How high art Thou in the
highest, and how deep in the deepest ! And Thou
never hast departed, and we scarcely return to
Thee.

Up, Lord, and do ; stir us up and recall us ;
kindle and draw us ; inflame, grow sweet unto
us ; let us now love, let us run.

CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

March 15.

Your gold and silver is cankered ; and the rust
of them shall be for a testimony against you, and
shall eat your flesh like fire. You have stored
up to yourselves wrath against the last days.

ST. JAMES v.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward ;

Some by close shouldering ; some by flattery ;
 Others through friends ; others for base regard ;
 And all, by wrong ways, for themselves prepared :
 Those that were up themselves kept others low ;
 Those that were low themselves held others hard,
 Nor suffered them to rise or greater grow ;
 But every one did strive his fellow down to throw.

EDMUND SPENSER.

The world in its strange spirit of contradiction ruins a soul by base seductions and then despises it ; those who set the snare are the first to scorn the prey.

God never crushes a humbled soul ; He lifts it up and rouses hope in the most discouraged hearts. The world which has such need of pardon does not know how to forgive ; God alone is holy enough to forgive always.

DE RAVIGNAN.

March 16.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand ; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light : let us walk honestly, as in the day.

ROMANS xiii.

Close to the feet of Christ, near Mary, the mother
 of Jesus,

The shade of his folded pinions hiding the crim-
 son stain,

A sorrowful Angel stands, forever and ever weep-
 ing,

But flowers of Hope upspring where his tears fall
 like the rain.

.

Only one word he speaks, — one word ; and the
 mother of Jesus,

Watching his trembling lips, echoes it evermore:
 "Forgive, forgive, forgive!" till it floats through
 the portals of heaven,
 To fall anew like balm, on hearts sin-scarred and
 sore.

AVE MARIA. [MARY E. MANNIX.]

Also our Lorde comforts a soule by angels' songs. But what that song is may not be described by any bodily lyknes, for it is ghostly and above all manner of imagination and man's reason. It may be perceived and felt in a soule, but it may not be spoken. When a soule is purified by the love of Godd, illumined by wisdom, strengthened by Godd's mighte, then is the eye of the soule opened to beholde ghostly things, as virtues, angels, and holy souls and heavenly things.

ANAHEDE OF GODD WITH MANNIS SOULE.
 [RICHARD ROLLE. D. 1349.]

March 17.

Thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith.

APOCALYPSE.

I bind to myself this day —

The virtue of the incarnation of Christ and his baptism ;

The virtue of his crucifixion with his burial ;

The virtue of his resurrection with his ascension ;

The virtue of his coming to the sentence of the judgment.

I bind to myself this day —

The strength of heaven. The light of the sun,
 The whiteness of snow, The force of fire,

The flashing of lightning, The swiftness of wind,
 The depth of the sea, The stability of earth,
 The hardness of rocks.

FROM THE LORICA OR BREASTPLATE OF ST. PATRICK.
 [AUBREY DE VERE.]

The Church is the common home of all. . . . Let no one then be drowsy, let no one keep his mind occupied with worldly business, when the priests are come in for the sermon. The punishment for doing so is no light one. I had a thousand times rather be left alone in one of your own houses, when I come to visit you, than that you should not listen to me when I am preaching here. This would vex me more than that, for this is more your house than that.

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

March 18. St. Gabriel, Archangel.

And the angel said to her, Fear not, Mary,
 for thou hast found grace with God. LUKE i.

“O holy father, who for me endurest
 To be below here, leaving the sweet place
 In which thou sittest by eternal lot,
 Who is the Angel that with so much joy
 Into the eyes is looking of our Queen,
 Enamored so that he seems made of fire?”
 Thus I again recourse had to the teaching
 Of that one who delighted him in Mary
 As doth the star of morning in the sun.
 And he to me: “Such gallantry and grace
 As there can be in Angel and in soul,
 All is in him; and thus we fain would have it;

Because he is the one who bore the palm
 Down unto Mary, when the Son of God
 To take our burden on himself decreed."

PARADISO: DANTE. [LONGFELLOW.]

The knowledge that she was the mother of
 God caused in the heart of Mary only an act
 of humility.

ST. AMBROSE.

March 19. St. Joseph.

For it will come to pass that Herod will seek
 the child to destroy him.

Thou wert a shadow thrown
 From the Father's summit lone,
 Over Mary's life to lie.

FABER.

The angel of the Lord says in a dream to St. Joseph: Take the young child and his mother, and fly into Egypt. . . . Might not St. Joseph have said: . . . Will it not be time enough to-morrow morning? . . . How would you have me carry the infant? I have neither provisions nor money for the journey; you know the Egyptians are enemies of the Israelites. Who will receive us? And other things which we might have urged to the angel, had we been in St. Joseph's place; . . . but he set out that same hour and did just what the angel bade him to do.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

For March there come violets, especially the single blue, which are the earliest; the early daffodil; the daisy; the almond-tree in blossom; the peach-tree in blossom; the cornelian-tree in blossom; sweet briar.

BACON.

March 20.

And he went down with them and came to Nazareth; and was subject to them. LUKE ii.

O House of Nazareth! Earth's Heaven!

Our households now are hallowed all by thee;
All blessings come, all gifts are given,
Because of thy dear Earthly Trinity. FABER.

But the bald pillar-top of Simeon,
In midnight's blankest waste, were populous,
Matched with the isolation drear and deep
Of him who pines among the swarm of men,
At once a new thought's king and prisoner.

COLUMBUS. [LOWELL.]

Our age lives in its busy marts, in counting-rooms, in workshops, in homes, and in the varied relations that form human society, and it is into these that sanctity is to be introduced. St. Joseph stands forth as an excellent and unsurpassed model of this type of perfection. . . . Out of the cares, toils, duties, afflictions, and responsibilities of daily life are to be built the pillars of sanctity of the Stylites of our age. I. T. HECKER.

March 21. St. Benedict, Abbot, 480-543.

We glory also in tribulation, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience trial; and trial hope; and hope confoundeth not, because the charity of God is poured out into our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to us. ROMANS v.

Not less the heroic life extracts
From circumstance adverse

Her food of sufferings and of acts ;
 While pain, a rugged nurse,
 On the rough breasts of wintry seas
 Rocks it 'mid stormy lullabies.

AUBREY DE VERE.

A common lot of affliction does not confound together the good and the wicked who share the same calamity. Similarity of suffering does not exclude difference in those who suffer, identity of anguish does not make identity of vice or virtue.

CITY OF GOD. [ST. AUGUSTINE.]

At Subiaco Benedict sanctified first his own soul, then his surroundings, and from this double sanctification of soul and scenery sprang one of those sanctuaries which will ever attract poet and artist, every lover of the picturesque ; but, still more, those who love to visit the source from which have flowed the sweet waters of Christian civilization.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

March 22.

But the harvest is the end of the world. And the reapers are the angels.

MATTHEW xiii.

And when this earth shall fly

To atoms ; when the mountains shall be tossed
 As chaff ; when like a scroll rolls back the sky,

And Nature and her laws forever lost ;
 When thou shalt speak in fire the dread command
 And hurl it from the hollow of thy hand —

What hope for me ? Thy promises sublime
 That o'er the wreck of worlds I shall survey

With eye unmoved, beyond the touch of time,
 The stars grow dark, the melting heavens decay.

CATHOLIC WORLD, 1868. [C. E. B.]

In the same furnace gold gleams and straw turns black; the same flail breaks the husk and hulls the wheat; oil and lees mingle not, though they flow from the same press. One crucible tests, purifies, and melts in love the virtuous soul, while it ruins, condemns, destroys the impious.

CITY OF GOD. [ST. AUGUSTINE.]

March 23.

Then shall the just shine as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father.

MATTHEW xiii.

King, of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us.

Think, kind Jesu, my salvation
Caused thy wondrous incarnation —
Leave me not to reprobation.

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

DIES IRAE.

Under the pressure of the same grief, the wicked burst out into curses and blasphemies, while the good pour forth prayers and thanksgiving. It matters not what we suffer, but with what heart we suffer. A stagnant pool or a fragrant ointment, stirred with the same movement, will exhale fetid miasma or exquisite odors.

CITY OF GOD. [ST. AUGUSTINE.]

March 24.

They have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.

JEREMIAH ii.

Oh, break, oh, break, hard heart of mine !

Thy weak self-love and guilty pride

His Pilate and his Judas were ;

Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

FABER.

And at length "the brightness of God's glory and the image of his substance" is fettered, haled to and fro, buffeted, spit upon, mocked, cursed, scourged, and tortured. "He hath no beauty nor comeliness. He is despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity ;" nay, He is a "leper, and smitten of God, and humbled." And so his clothes are torn off and He is lifted up upon the bitter cross, and there He hangs, a spectacle for profane, impure, and savage eyes, and a mockery for the evil spirit whom He had cast down into hell.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

March 25. Lady Day.

The Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David, and the virgin's name was Mary.

LUKE i.

"Look now into the face that unto Christ

Hath most resemblance ; for its brightness only

Is able to prepare thee to see Christ."

On her did I behold so great a gladness
 Rain down, borne onward in the holy minds
 Created through that altitude to fly,
 That whatsoever I had seen before
 Did not suspend me in such admiration,
 Nor show me such similitude of God.
 And the same Love that first descended there,
 “*Ave Maria, gratia plena,*” singing,
 In front of her his wings extended wide.
 Unto the canticle divine responded
 From every part the court beatified,
 So that each sight became serener for it.

PARADISO : DANTE. [LONGFELLOW.]

March 26.

But the Jews cried out, saying: If thou release this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend; for whosoever maketh himself a king, speaketh against Cæsar.

JOHN xix.

It seemes no fault to do that all have done;
 The number of offenders hides the sinne;
 Coach drawne with many horse doth easily runne,
 Soone followeth one where multitudes beginne.

SOUTHWELL.

We all remember the exclamation of Clovis when he heard of our Lord's passion and death: "Had I been there at the head of my valiant Franks, I would have avenged his injuries." And Crillon, called the Brave, on hearing that Christ was scourged, sprang to his feet and, grasping his sword, cried, "Where wert thou, brave Crillon!" But if on that awful Friday, in the year of our Lord 33, they had been at the head of Roman legions, would they, like the

centurion, have discerned in the lacerated form, nailed to a cross between two thieves, the King by whose permission their Emperor held his power? Should we? It is easy to judge by our actions to-day, or by the side we take in questions touching our interests.

March 27.

Who devour the houses of widows, feigning long prayer.

LUKE XX.

There walks Judas, he who sold
Yesterday his Lord for gold,
Sold God's presence in his heart
For a proud step in the mart;
He hath dealt in flesh and blood;
At the bank his name is good;
At the bank and only there,
'T is a marketable ware.

LOWELL.

Who sees the Cross on 'change, in the clearing house, at the gold board, in the court house and legislature, in shops, ball-rooms, offices of every profession, — nay, even where utterances of faith and self-denial are most sonorous? Yet there it looms, against a darkening sky, — there is the betrayal, denial, base flight; there are the thorns, scourges, nails, mockings, and revilings, and they have lost nothing of their sting or venom in the course of nineteen centuries of use. Happily there too are heroic witnesses, brave confessors, stern sacrifices, and royal gifts; there is the pure tomb hewn in the rock as well as the whited sepulchre.

March 28.

Do this for a commemoration of me.

LUKE xxii.

All untorn for eating given,
 Undivided and unriven,
 Whole he's taken and unrent;
 Be there one, or crowds surrounding,
 He is equally abounding,
 Nor, though eaten, ever spent.

LAUDA SION: ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. [WACKERBARTH.]

There, then, in that most awful hour, knelt the Saviour of the world, putting off the defenses of his divinity, . . . baring his breast, sinless as he was, to the assault of his foe. . . . It is the long history of the world, and God alone can bear the load of it. Hopes blighted, vows broken, lights quenched, warnings scorned, opportunities lost; the innocent betrayed, the young hardened, the penitent relapsing, the just overcome, the aged failing; the sophistry of misbelief, the willfulness of passion, the tyranny of habit, the canker of remorse, the wasting of care, the anguish of shame, the pining of disappointment, the sickness of despair; such cruel, such pitiable spectacles, such heart-rending, revolting, detestable, maddening scenes; . . . they are upon Him, they are all but his own; He cries to his Father as if He were the criminal, not the victim. . . . He is the one victim for us all, the sole satisfaction, the real penitent, all but the real sinner.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

March 29.

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.

LUKE xxiii.

O tree of beauty! tree of light!
O tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest!

HYMN: BREVIARY. [DR. NEALE.]

And thus our atoning sacrifice . . . began with this passion of woe, and only did not die, because at his omnipotent will his heart did not break, nor soul separate from body, till he had suffered on the cross.

No, he has not yet exhausted that full chalice, from which at first his natural infirmity shrank. The seizure, and the arraignment, and the buffeting, and the prison, and the trial, and the mocking, and the passing to and fro, and the scourging, and the crown of thorns, and the slow march to Calvary, and the crucifixion, these are all to come. A night and a day, hour after hour, is slowly to run out, before the end comes, and the satisfaction is completed.

And then, when the appointed moment arrived, and he gave the word, as his passion had begun with his soul, with the soul did it end. He did not die of bodily exhaustion, or of bodily pain; his tormented heart broke and he commended his spirit to the Father.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

March 30.

Joseph of Arimathea, a noble counsellor, who was also himself looking for the kingdom of God, came, and went in boldly to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. But Pilate wondered that he should be already dead. And sending for the centurion, he asked him if he were already dead. And when he had understood it by the centurion, he gave the body to Joseph.

And Joseph buying fine linen, and taking him down, wrapped him up in the fine linen, and laid him in a sepulchre which was hewed out of a rock ; and he rolled a stone to the door of the sepulchre. And Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Joseph beheld where he was laid. MARK XV.

Do not punish me, Lord, by taking my cross from me, but comfort me by submitting me to thy will, and by making me to love the cross. Give me that by which Thou shalt be best served ; . . . and let me hold it for the greatest of all thy mercies, that Thou shouldst glorify thy name in me, according to thy will.

FRA THOMÉ DE JESU. (CAPTIVE IN BARBARY.)

March 31.

Why seek you the living among the dead ?

LUKE xxiv.

“ Where is he gone ? O men and maidens, where
Is gone the fairest amid all the fair ?
Mine eyes desire him, and with dawning day
My heart goes forth to find him on the way.”

OBER-AMMERGAU, 1870. [F. W. H. MYERS.]

You know that the honors offered to God, and decreed to the triumph of our Lord, are also our wealth, our possession, our glory. He is the master, and we, his disciples, are never to leave him. He is the head, we are the members ; he leads the way, we follow in his footsteps ; and we share in his triumph. So you see on all sides motives for gratitude and joy ; and I beg you not to forget it at this Easter time. Practice the virtue of spiritual joy, forget the world and its interests and its fatigues. Forget yourselves, forget your griefs, real as I know they are ; if you cannot enjoy lasting happiness in this life, at least God will grant you a foretaste and presentiment of it.

Refresh your souls with spiritual joy, with satisfaction in God and not in yourselves. Say, I am satisfied with God ; and surely God deserves this, for he has done enough for you.

DE RAVIGNAN.

April

April 1.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth, do I give unto you.

JOHN xiv.

April ! April ! is it you ?

See how fair the flowers are springing :
Sun is warm and brooks are clear.

Oh, how glad the birds are singing !
April ! April ! is it you ?

DORA READ GOODALE.

But we, too, can go with our Lord, without exercising any will of our own, simply letting ourselves be carried like a little child in its mother's arms, by a sort of wonderful content which may be called union, or rather unity of our will with the will of God. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

Live more in God, and do not think of the future. Do learn to be quiet ; seek no further. . . . Jesus Christ comes where he is most loved.

DE RAVIGNAN.

April 2.

Consider the lilies how they grow : they labor not, neither do they spin. But I say to you not even Solomon in all his glory was clothed like one of these.

LUKE xii.

An April fairer than the Atlantic June,
 Whose calendar of perfect days was kept
 By daily blossoming of some new flower.
 The fields, whose carpets now were silken white,
 Next week were orange-velvet, next sea-blue.
 It was as if some central fire of bloom
 . . . here had burst forth
 And overflowed the fields, and set the land
 Aflame with flowers. CALIFORNIA. [E. R. SILL.]

The hours are like slaves which follow each other, bringing fuel to the furnace. Each hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened on its back. If we thus esteem our present grace, we shall begin to understand God's purpose.

FABER.

April 3.

Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

PSALM cii.

Next came fresh April, full of lusty hed,
 And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds ;
 Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
 Europa, floating through the Argolic floods ;
 His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
 And garnishèd with garlands goodly dight
 Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
 Which the earth brings forth ; and wet he seem'd
 in sight
 With waves, through which he waded for his
 loves delight. EDMUND SPENSER.

The soul has its changing seasons ; the way of virtue needs constant renewal. We must alter for the better, always and unceasingly. Look at

Nature ; she seems to be at rest only because she is perpetually renewed. The soul enjoys repose on the same terms.

DE RAVIGNAN.

April 4.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.

JOHN xix.

The childlike heart shall enter in ;
 The virgin soul its God shall see :
 Mother, and maiden pure from sin,
 Be thou the guide : the Way is He.

AUBREY DE VERE.

When I was a child, so young that I used to ride on a stick, I was fully persuaded that I ought to honor women with all that I possessed, — love, goods, courage, and life. They gave me a master who was rich in high virtue, the Margrave Henry of Austria, who served women with full loyalty, and spake ever nobly of them as a knight should. . . . He endured labor for the sake of honor, and his mouth never spake a bad word ; to all his friends he was generous and faithful ; and he loved God from his heart.

ULRICH VON LICHTENSTEIN. [DIGBY.]

April 5.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High !

PSALM xci.

'T is we who weigh upon ourselves ;
 Self is the irksome weight ;
 To those who can see straight themselves,
 All things look always straight.

FABER.

The amount of plain speaking that people will bear from one whose goodwill is perfect is always an amazement to those accustomed to circumlocution. "I came to her one day," said a friend, "with a list of troubles and grievances for which I wanted her sympathy. She heard me very patiently, but when I was all through she only said with intensity, 'Oh, Mrs. P., gild your lot with contentment.' I saw that was all she had to say, so I went home; but you may depend I did not forget it."

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER.

April 6.

If you abide in me, and my words abide in you, you shall ask whatever you will, and it shall be done unto you.

JOHN XV.

It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, riche or poor.
For some that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches: fools, therefore,
They are which fortunes do by vows devise;
Sith each unto himself his life may fortunize.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Spend a good quarter of an hour in prayer at Paris or in China, and then, tell me, what is the world, or time, or this earth!

DE RAVIGNAN.

April 7.

And be ye kind one to another, merciful, forgiving one another, even as God hath forgiven you in Christ.

EPHESIANS iv.

O Lord! that I could waste my life for others,
 With no ends of my own;
 That I could pour myself into my brothers,
 And live for them alone!

FABER.

At this time my mother always had the peas brought to her to shell for dinner, or the beans to string. And I have seen her go on with these occupations unmoved and without apology while distinguished visitors came and went, — Baron Rœnné, perhaps, or judges of the Supreme Court, — she conversing all the time with each and all, in the most brilliant way. . . . It was seldom that the large family sat down to meals without additional guests. Any one that dropped in was invited to remain; any one passing the front door who looked weary was asked to stop. “Another plate for Mr. or Mrs. —” called my mother cheerily to her little maid, without a thought of trouble, as, indeed, there was none.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER.

April 8.

God be merciful to us, and bless us: cause his face to shine upon us (and be merciful to us).

PSALM lxxvi.

By the wild fence-row all grown up
 With tall oats, and the buttercup,
 And the seeded grass, and blue flax-flower,

I fling myself in a nest of green,
 Walled about and all unseen,
 And lose myself in the quiet hour.
 . . . Overhead on a maple prong
 The least of birds, a jeweled sprite,
 With burnished throat and needle bill,
 Wags his head in the golden light,
 Till it flashes, and dulls, and flashes bright,
 Chirping his microscopic song.

CALIFORNIA. [E. R. SILL (A. D. 1841).]

The divine essence, of which it is said that it is a rational substance, of such nature that no mortal eye can see it in itself, may nevertheless be discerned in its effects, just as we trace a good craftsman in his works. For, as Paul says, creatures are like a mirror which reflects God.

BLESSED HENRY SUSO (A. D. 1300). [KNOX.]

April 9.

The earth hath yielded her increase.

PSALM lxi.

Far up the hill-farm, where the breeze
 Dips its wing in the billowy grain,
 Waves go chasing from the plain
 On softly undulating seas ;
 Now near my nest they swerve and turn,
 And now go wandering without aim,
 Or yonder, where the poppies burn,
 Race up the slope in harmless flame.

CALIFORNIA. [E. R. SILL.]

But let us pause here awhile, and reflect upon the high and venerable Master as mirrored in his works. . . . Oh, when in summer time the beautiful sun bursts forth unclouded and serene, what fruitfulness and blessings it bestows unceasingly

on the earth! See how the leaves and grass shoot up, and the lovely flowers smile: how forest, heath, and meadow ring again with the sweet song of nightingales and other little birds; how all those little creatures which stern winter had shut up issue forth rejoicing, and pair together; and how men, too, both young and old, entranced with joy, disport themselves right merrily!

BLESSED HENRY SUSO. [KNOX.]

April 10.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

PSALM lxxvi.

Sometimes the bold wind sways my walls,
My four green walls of the grass and oats,
But never a slender column falls,
And the blue sky-roof above them floats.
Cool in the glowing sun I feel
On wrist and cheek the sea-breeze steal
From the wholesome ocean brine.
The air is full of the whispering pine,
Surf-sound of an aerial sea;
And the light clashing, near and far,
As of mimic shield and scimitar,
Of the slim Australian tree.

CALIFORNIA. [E. R. SILL.]

But look again, I pray thee, and behold the four elements, — earth, water, air, and fire, with all the wondrous things which they contain in manifold variety: men, beasts, birds, fishes, and sea-monsters, — and mark how they all cry aloud together, Praise and honor be to the unfathomable immensity that is in thee!

BLESSED HENRY SUSO. [KNOX.]

April 11.

Let God, even our own God, bless us ; let God
bless us ; and let all the ends of the earth fear
Him.

PSALM lxxvi.

Hark ! leaning on each other's arms,
The pines are whispering in the breeze, —
Whispering, then hushing, half in awe,
Their legends of primeval seas.

The wild things of the wood come out,
And stir or hide, as wild things will,
Like thoughts that may not be pursued,
But come if one is calm and still.

Deep hemlocks down the gorge shut in
Their caves with hollow shadow filled,
Where little feathered anchorites
Behind a sunlit lattice build.

E. R. SILL.

See how, by gazing on this mirror, there
springs up speedily, in a soul susceptible of such
impressions, an intense inward jubilee ; for by
jubilee is meant a joy which no tongue can tell,
but which pours itself with might through heart
and soul.

BLESSED HENRY SUSO. [KNOX.]

April 12.

Or when did we see thee sick or in prison, and
came to thee ?

MATTHEW xxv.

Lord, hast thou left thy hungry in the world
For us to find, to feed ?
Sharper the hungers of the soul. Give us
Nutrition for that need.

And hast thou prisoners unvisited,
 Whose woes our cares should tell?
 There is a deeper prison of the heart;
 Help us to find that cell. E. S. PHELPS.

It is, I am sure, because prisoners are treated as a class apart from others, that they are not helped. St. Paul says we must be all things to all men, and it is certainly true that we must be one with those we want to help. Our dearest Lord did not stay up in Heaven and preach at us; He became one of us and lifted us up with Him. I cannot help thinking what close prisoners we are, but what a happy bondage is ours, and how we kiss the sweet chains that bind us, and pray that they may be more strongly forged each day.

LETTER FROM A CLOISTERED NUN.

April 13.

Do manfully and be of good heart, fear not nor be ye dismayed at their sight; for the Lord thy God, he himself is thy leader, and will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

DEUTERONOMY xxxi.

When obstacles and trials seem
 Like prison-walls to be,
 I do the little I can do,
 And leave the rest to thee. FABER.

"M., can you tell me what is the reason," she said one day to a young girl, "that when your family are in a peck of trouble, that always appears to be the signal for you to abdicate? Oh, don't do it, child, pray don't! The next time the family coach gets into a rut, you take right hold,

and see if you can't move it, if it's only an inch." . . . Abdication had a peculiar meaning on her lips, and was one of her seven deadly sins, as nerves were another. She had little patience with people who backed down in emergencies, and considered it her bounden duty to bear her testimony, and stiffen them up a little.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER.

April 14.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

MATTHEW vi.

Hast thou observèd how the curious hand
Of the Refiner seeks to understand
The inadultr'ate pureness of his Gold?
He waighs it first, and after does infold
In *Lead*; and then, commits to the *Fire*;
And, as the *Lead* consumes, the *Gold* draws
nigher

To his perfection, without waste or loss
Of his pure substance, but his weight, his dross:
The great *Refiner* of Man's baser *Heart*
Uses the like, nay shows the self-same *Art*;
He waighs it first, and, finding it too full
Of *Trash* and *Earth*, he wraps it in some dull
And leaden cross of Punishment or Sin;
Then, tries it in affliction's *Fire*; wherein
The *Lead* and Dross evaporate together,
And leaves the *Heart* refined and quit of either:
Thus, though Man's *Heart* be lessened by the
Cross,
And lighter, 't is but lighter by the *Dross*.

FRANCIS QUARLES (1592-1644).

You are going back to ——; the arrangement is not the one of your choice, but the one that God knows to be best for you. It is for Him to speak and for you to obey.

DE RAVIGNAN.

April 15.

You have feasted upon earth; and in luxuries you have nourished your hearts in the day of slaughter.

ST. JAMES V.

His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder.

CORIOLANUS.

When Reason had made this speech she began to sing, and thus said : Oh, how happy was the first age of this middle earth, when to every man there seemed enough in the fruits of the earth ! There were not then splendid houses, nor various delicious meats, nor drinks ; nor were they desirous of costly dresses, for they as yet did not exist, nor did they see or hear anything of them. They cared not for any luxury, but very temperately followed nature. . . . The earth was not yet polluted with the blood of slain men, nor was any one ever wounded. . . . Alas ! what was the first avaricious man, who first began to dig the earth after gold and after gems, and found the dangerous treasure, which before was hid and covered with the earth.

(849-900.) KING ALFRED'S BOETHIUS (470-524).

Each soul can dwell in a golden age ; therefore the song of Reason to the captive deserves careful study.

April 16.

The works of God are done in judgment from the beginning.

ECCLESIASTES xvi.

“Stay, stay the present instant!

Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings!

Oh, let it not elude thy grasp, but, like

The good old patriarch upon record,

Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee!”

For safety and for swiftness, for clear light and successful labor, there is nothing like the present. Practically speaking, the moment that is flying holds more of eternity than all our past, and the future holds none at all, and only becomes capable of holding any as it is manufactured piecemeal into the present.

FABER.

Generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands; first, to watch, and then to speed: . . . for when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity; like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.

BACON.

April 17.

Charge the rich of this world not to be high-minded.

1 TIMOTHY vi.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

SHAKESPEARE.

Men say that it befel at one tide, on the holy Easter Day, that he [Oswald, King of all Britain-kin] sat with the foresaid bishop [Aidan] at his dinner, and a table was set for him, and thereon stood a great silvern dish, and it was filled with kingly meats, and the bishop took loaf and blessed, and gave to the king; then went suddenly one of his thanes in, whom he had bidden tell the errands of needy and wretched men, and said to the king that from every side came a great crowd of needy folk, that the street was full of them begging alms of him. Then straightway the king bade them take the meat and other victuals which had been set before him and bear to the needy; and also ordered that they should break the dish to sticks, and deal it to the needy.

KING ALFRED'S BEDE.

April 18.

Whether we live or whether we die, we are the
Lord's.

ROMANS xiv.

Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast forgett'st. . . .

If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

If thou art desirous with right faith to know
the true light, put away from thee vain and evil

joys, and also the vain sorrow and the evil fear of this world; that is, that thou lift not up thyself with arrogance in thy health and in thy prosperity, nor, again, despair of any good in any adversity. For the mind is ever bound in misery, if either of these two evils reigns.

KING ALFRED'S BOËTHIUS.

April 19.

Commit thy way to the Lord, and trust in him,
and he will do it.

PSALM XXXVI.

Blindest and most frantic prayer,
Clutching at a senseless boon,
His that begs, in mad despair,
Death to come; he comes so soon!

Outcast on the thither shore,
Open scorn to him shall give
Souls that heavier burdens bore:
“See the wretch that dared not live!”

THE DESERTER. [E. R. SILL.]

Seneca — otherwise in many things a very true, and sometimes a Christian philosopher — proposeth to his readers the example of Cato; but I utterly reject it; for he destroyed himself, because he could not save his common-wealth. . . . What manner of constancy was that, which durst not endure and hold out, but was overcome, not by irrecoverable, fallen affairs, but falling: not collapsed and ruin'd, but tottering and doubtful. . . . A most unworthy man! — if he was a man, — to fall thus basely like a woman; who at the noyse of anything suddenly thrown down, casts

herself to the ground and squeaks, though untouched and far enough from danger.

NIEREMBERG. [VAUGHAN.]

April 20.

You are the salt of the earth. But if the salt lose its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?

MATTHEW V.

“God’s angel sitting at the gate denies

Me way to penance until so much time
Be past as living I beheld the skies.

Outside I must remain here for the crime
Of dallying to the last my contrite sighs,

Unless I happily some help derive
From the pure prayer ascending from a heart
That lives in grace: a prayer not thus alive
Heaven doth not hear: what aid can such im-
part?”

Now before me the Poet up the height
Began to climb, saying, “Come on, for o’er

This hill’s meridian hangs the Sun, and Night
Sets foot already on Morocco’s shore.”

DANTE: PURGATORY. [PARSONS.]

The knights of old had neither the inclination
nor the ingenuity to determine the minimum of
love which was compatible with the faith of
Christ.

KENELM DIGBY.

April 21. St. Anselm, 1033-1109.

By this shall all men know that you are my
disciples, if you have love one for another.

His mien was high, yet mild;
His deep and reverent eye

Seemed o'er a peaceful past to gaze, —

A blest futurity.

S. H. PALFREY.

I exhort the boys and young men, as my sweetest sons, that they do not forget what I so often taught them, to keep a watch over their hearts and thoughts. . . . I pray you to salute with the utmost kindness on my part secretly each of the young men and boys and children, beg each of them with sweetness to be mindful of my exhortations, and commend me to them with all love and familiarity, such as I formerly used to show to them, and still do preserve.

ST. ANSELM, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

April 22.

Only be a valiant man and fight the battles of the Lord.

1 KINGS xviii.

A man, who ne'er, 't is said,

Would of his graces tell,

Or with what arms he triumphèd

Over the Dragon fell.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

A soul, bold rather than resolute, and the weaker, in that it had presumed on itself, which ought to have relied on Thee.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

Boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts: but, nevertheless, it doth fascinate, and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part: yea, and prevaiileth with wise men at weak times. . . . Boldness is ever blind; for it seeth not dangers

and inconveniences: there therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution; so that the right use of bold persons is, that they never command in chief, but be seconds, and under the direction of others: for in counsel it is good to see dangers, and in execution not to see them, except they be very great.

BACON.

April 23.

The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God.

PSALM xiii.

What war so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that which strong Affections¹ do apply
Against the fort of Reason evermore,
To bring the soul into captivity.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Theodota boasted to Socrates that she was able to draw off all his disciples to herself. "That may well be," he replied, "for you lead them down an easy descent, but I am for forcing them to mount to virtue — an arduous ascent, and unknown to most men." He who appeals to the pride of reason, to the love of independence, and to the vulgar sense of men guided more by consequences than by reason, may have equal hopes of success.

KENELM DIGBY.

April 24.

Take unto you the armor of God, that you may be able to resist in the evil day, and to stand in all things perfect.

EPHESIANS vi.

O! goodly golden chain, wherewith yfere²
The virtues linkéd are in lovely wise;

¹ Passions.² Together.

And noble minds of yore alliéd were
 In brave pursuitt of chivalrous emprise,
 That none did others saféty despise,
 Nor aid envý to him in need that stands;
 But friendly each did others praise devise,
 How to advance with favorable hands.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Kenelm Digby tells us that when Count William of Holland, elected King of the Romans in 1277, was knighted at Cologne, the presiding cardinal said to him: "What is a knight? Whoso desireth to obtain knighthood must be high-minded, open-hearted, generous, superior and firm; high-minded in adversity, open-hearted in his connexions, generous in honor, superior in courtesy, and firm in manly honesty."

April 25. St. Mark Evangelist.

But they, going forth, preached everywhere: the Lord working withal. and confirming the work with signs that followed.

MARK xvi.

Now let the earth with joy resound,
 And highest heaven reëcho round;
 Nor heaven nor earth too high can raise
 The great Apostles' glorious praise.

THE COMMON OF APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.

Mark, having written his gospel from information given to him by Peter, carried it into Egypt and was the first man who preached Christ in Alexandria. Philo, that most learned Jew, tells us that the Christians of Alexandria, under Mark's teaching, held all things in common, as was the custom in the Church at Jerusalem. The Evangelist died in the eighth year of Nero, and was buried at Alexandria.

AFTER THE BREVIARY.

April 26.

Thy gentleness also hath made me great.

PSALM xvii.

. . . The note of the cuckoo,
The cry of gulls on the wing,
The laughter of winds and waters,
The feet of the dancing Spring.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

We cannot conceive of any creation which should not, even unconsciously, copy its Creator. All created life must in its measure imitate the uncreated Life out of which it sprung. The very habits of animals, and the blind evolutions of matter, are in some sense imitations of God. The fern that is forever trembling in the breath of the waterfall, in its growing follows some pattern in the mind of God. Much more then is it so in the moral world.

FABER.

April 27.

It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect.

PSALM xvii.

I found a grotto, hidden in the gorge,
Paved by the brook in rare mosaic work
Of sand, and lucent depths, and shadow-streaks
Veining the amber of the sun-dyed wave.
Between two mossy masses of gray rock
Lay a clear basin, which, with sun and shade
Bewitched, a great transparent opal made,
Over whose broken ruins the water ran.

CALIFORNIA. [E. R. SILL.]

The character of God is the one foundation of all morality. . . . God is our model. The Incarnation even has not given us another standard.

It has but made visible, with an application to creatures, the ways and fashions, the characteristics and propensities, — if we may venture on such terms, — of the Invisible God. To watch God, and do as He does, startling as it sounds, is the rule of holiness. We are to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect, — not as perfect as He is, but perfect with the same kind of perfection.

FABER.

April 28.

Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is scandalized, and I am not on fire?

2 CORINTHIANS xi.

No one was ever corrected by a sarcasm, — crushed, perhaps, if the sarcasm was clever enough, — but drawn nearer to God, never.

FABER.

As the moon that rises of saffron hue

Ascending, changes to white,

So the year, with the Daffodil rising new,

On Narcissus will soon alight:

Rise up, thou Daffodil, rise! With thee

The year begins, and the spring-tide glee!

AUBREY DE VERE.

In April follow the double white violet; the wall-flower; the stock-gilli flower; the cowslip; flower-de-luces; and lilies of all natures; rose-mary-flowers; the tulip; the double peony; the pale daffodil; the French honey suckle; the cherry tree in blossom; the damascene and plum trees in blossom; the white thorn in leaf; the lilac tree.

BACON.

April 29.

Then his son Judas, called Machabeus, rose up in his stead. And all his brethren helped him, and all they that had joined themselves to his father, and they fought with cheerfulness the battle of Israel.

1 MACHABEES iii.

“Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what you bee ;
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint ;
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.”

EDMUND SPENSER.

“Suffise it then, thou Money-god,” quoth he,
“That all thine idle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have ; what needeth me
To covet more than I have cause to use ?
With such vain shows thy worldlings vile abuse ;
But give me leave to follow my emprise.”

EDMUND SPENSER.

“No poet makes mention of golden spurs,”
says Petrarch ; “with iron, indeed, I am familiar.”

KENELM DIGBY.

April 30. St. Katherine of Siena, 1347-80.

But the wise took oil in their vessel with the lamps.

MATTHEW xxv.

A life collected, elemental, strong,
A sacrosanct tranquillity of song,
Fed by the word unheard, the sight unseen,
The breath that passes man and God between.

F. H. MYERS.

If you place a tree within a circle of fertile earth, the earth will nourish the tree and make it fruitful. . . . The soul is a tree made to be fruit-

ful in love: it can only live in charity. The roots of that tree are the affections of the soul, which should be planted within the circle of self-knowledge, of that self-knowledge which is united to God by humility. But God is likened to the circle in this, that He has neither beginning nor ending. And the soul that is planted in the earth of humility, and is united with God, finds herself within that divine circle, within which she obtains the knowledge of God and of herself. If the soul be thus united with God, she will find that her knowledge, like that circle, has neither beginning nor ending.

ST. KATHERINE OF SIENA.

May

May 1. The Holy Apostles Philip and James.

James, a servant of God, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, to the twelve tribes which are dispersed, greeting.

My brethren, count it all joy, when you shall fall into divers temptations.

ST. JAMES i.

Rear'd on lone heights and rare,
His saints their watch-flame bear.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

St. Philip took Scythia by lot as his portion and brought nearly all that people to believe in Christ. At last he came to Hierapolis in Phrygia, and there was fastened to a cross and stoned to death.

St. James, a cousin of our Lord, was a Nazarete, and of a wondrous holy life. When he was ninety-six years old and had governed the Church at Jerusalem for thirty years, he was flung from a pinnacle of the Temple, in the seventh year of Nero. Being not quite dead, he lay praying for his persecutors, and one who stood by smote him with a fuller's club and set his spirit free.

AFTER THE BREVIARY.

May 2. St. Athanasius.

And every spirit that dissolveth Jesus is not of God.

1 JOHN iv.

And thine, O inexhaustive race !
 Was Nazianzen's heaven-taught grace ;
 And royal-hearted Athanase,
 With Paul's own mantle blest.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

O blessed Trinity !
 In the deep darkness of prayer's stillest night,
 We worship Thee blinded with light.
 Holy Trinity !
 Blessed Equal Three,
 One God, we praise Thee.

FABER.

Canons and forms were not given to the churches in this day, but were *handed down* from our fathers well and securely. Nor, again, has the faith had its beginning in this day, but has passed on even to us from the Lord through his disciples.

ST. ATHANASIUS (D. 373).

May 3. Finding of the Holy Cross.

And bearing his own cross he went forth to that place which is called Calvary, but in Hebrew Golgotha.

JOHN XIX.

What, O my people, have I done to thee ?
 What have I done ? how wronged thee ?

Answer me.

From Egypt's land I led and rescued thee,
 And thou hast wrought a bitter cross for me.

Holy God, holy and strong,
 Holy and immortal, have mercy on me.

REPROACHES : GOOD FRIDAY.

Helen, the mother of Constantine, came to Jerusalem, A. D. 326, to seek our Lord's cross, being warned in a dream. She found on Mount

Calvary a statue of Venus; in the stable of Bethlehem an image of Adonis, and by the Holy Sepulchre a statue of Jupiter. She cleansed the sacred places from these desecrations, and after making deep excavations, found the three crosses, and, near by, the writing which had been nailed to the cross of Christ. A miracle manifested the identity of the true cross. AFTER THE BREVIARY.

May 4. St. Monica.

Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above the rarest merchandise.

PROVERBS xxxi.

We have gained the stairs
Which rise towards the presence-chamber; there
A band of mighty angels keep the way
On either side, and hymn the incarnate God.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

She and I stood alone, leaning in a certain window, which looked into the garden of the house where we now lay at Ostia. . . . We were discoursing then together, alone very sweetly . . . and enquiring between ourselves in the presence of the truth which Thou art, of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be, "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man." But yet we gasped with the mouth of our heart, after those heavenly streams of thy fountain, the "fountain of life which is with Thee;" that being bedewed thence according to our capacity, we might in some sort meditate upon so high a mystery.

CONFESSIONS. [ST. AUGUSTINE.]

May 5.

And the angel being come in said to her :
Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee ; blessed
art thou among women.

LUKE i.

Behold, she seemed on earth to dwell ;
But, hid in light, alone she sat
Beneath the throne ineffable,
Chanting her clear Magnificat.

AUBREY DE VERE.

As grace was infused into Adam from the first moment of his creation, so that he never had experience of his natural poverty, till sin reduced him to it ; so was grace given in still ampler measure to Mary, and she was a stranger to Adam's deprivation. She began where others end, whether in knowledge or in love. She was from the first clothed in sanctity, sealed for perseverance, luminous and glorious in God's sight, and incessantly employed in meritorious acts, which continued until her last breath.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

*May 6. The Testifying of the Holy Apostle
John before the Latin Gate at Rome.*

I was in spirit on the Lord's day, and heard
behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet.

APOCALYPSE i.

Lords of the churches they ;
Triumphant chiefs of war ;
Brave soldiers of the heavenly camp ;
True lights forevermore.

HYMN : BREVIARY. [REV. E. CASWALL.]

Scarcely had the New Dispensation opened,

when, following the example of the schools of the temple and of the prophets under the old law, St. John is recorded, over and above the public assemblies of the faithful, to have had about him a number of students whom he familiarly instructed ; and as time went, and power was given to the Church, this school for ecclesiastical studies was held under the roof of the bishop. In Rome especially, . . . the Lateran Church . . . had a seminary attached to it which remained there till the pontificate of Leo X.

UNIVERSITIES AND SEMINARIES. [CARDINAL NEWMAN.]

May 7.

Because he hath regarded the humility of his hand-maid : for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

LUKE i.

Gold and fine silver, ceruse, cochineal,
 India's rich wood, heaven's lucid blue serene,
 Or glow that emeralds fresh broke reveal,
 Had all been vanquished by the varied sheen
 Of this bright valley set with shrubs and flowers,
 As less by greater. Nor had Nature there
 Only in painting spent herself, but showers
 Of odors manifold made sweet the air
 With one strange mingling of confused perfume,
 And there new spirits chanting, I descried,
 "*Salve Regina!*" seated on the bloom
 And verdure sheltered by the dingle side.

DANTE : PURGATORY. [T. W. PARSONS.]

Hail, thou vessel of pure gold, made to hold
 the manna that came down from Heaven, the
 sweet food of our souls, even Christ.

HOMILY BY ST. GERMAN. PATRIARCH.

May 8.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

MATTHEW V.

When, then, there crept her spirit o'er
The shadow of that pain world-wide
Whereof her Son the substance bore:
Him offering, half in Him she died;

Standing like that strange moon, whereon
The mask of earth lies dim and dead,
An orb of glory, shadow-strewn
Yet girdled with a luminous thread.

AUBREY DE VERE.

But who suffers as those souls suffer whom God purifies in the other world? Who suffers as they do without stirring under God's hand, without seeking relief, without trying to shorten the time of trial; with a peaceful love each day increasing, with pure joy in the midst of pain, with a meek simplicity which never dreams that anything done for God can be a sacrifice? Let us try to found this purgatory on earth as men found hospitals.

FÉNELON.

May 9. *St. Gregory of Nazianzen, Patriarch of Constantinople, 324-389.*

The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me they will also persecute you.

JOHN XV.

Yes! thou, bright Angel of the East! didst rear
The cross divine.
Borne high upon thy liquid accents, where
Men mocked the sign;

Till that cold city heard thy battle-cry,
And hearts were stirr'd and deem'd a Pentecost
was nigh.

ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN. [CARDINAL NEWMAN.]

“Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea,”
said the holy patriarch, in the words of Jonah;
“so shall the sea be calm unto you; for I know
that for my sake this great tempest is upon you.”
So he went his way back to Nazianzen, and when
he had seen that Eulalius was set over that church,
he gave himself up altogether to think and write
concerning the things of God.

BREVIARY.

May 10.

And it came to pass, whilst he blessed them,
that he departed from them, and was carried up
to heaven.

LUKE xxiv.

Be thou our guide; be thou our goal;
Be thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.

HYMN FOR ASCENSION DAY. [CASWALL.]

Sweet Lady, Saint Mary, for the great joy
which thou hadst when thou sawest thy bright
blissful Son, whom the Jews thought to imprison
in the stifling tomb, as another mortal man, with-
out hope of rising again, sawest him so gloriously
and graciously, on Holy Thursday, ascend up to
his joy into his kingdom of heaven; grant to me
that I may with him cast all the world at my feet,
and ascend up now in heart and mind; and when
I die (that I may ascend) spiritually, and at the
judgment day all bodily, into the blessedness of
heaven.

THE ANCLEN RIWLE. [MORTON.]

May 11.

Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my
beautiful one, and come; for winter is now past,
the rain is over and gone. CANTICLE OF CANTICLES ii.

He sat beside the lowly door:
His homeless eyes appeared to trace
In evening skies remembered lore,
And shadows of his Father's face.

One only knew Him. She alone
Who nightly to his cradle crept,
And lying like the moonbeam prone,
Worshiped her Maker as He slept.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Let the life and virginity of Mary be set before
you as a mirror, in which is seen the pattern of
chastity and virtue: her looks were sweet, her
discourse mild, her behaviour modest.

ST. AMBROSE. [DIGBY.]

May 12.

I was exalted like a palm-tree in Cades and
like a rose-plant in Jericho. ECCLESIASTES xxiv.

Now the tender, sweet arbutus
Trails her blossom-clustered vines,
And the many-fingered cinquefoil
In the shady hollow twines;
Here, behind this crumbled tree-trunk,
With the cooling showers wet,
Fresh and upright, blooms the sunny
Golden-yellow violet.

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Now the phœbe and the robin
 Bid farewell to winter's cold,
 And in yonder marshes burns
 The fiery flaming marigold.

DORA READ GOODALE.

Let everything turn upside down, not merely about us, but within us; let the soul be sad or gay, in sweetness or bitterness, at peace or in trouble, in light or darkness, temptation or repose, gratified or displeased; let the sun burn us or the dew refresh us; we must rest with eyes fixed upon the will of God, our one, sovereign Good.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

May 13.

Instead of the shrub shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the nettle shall come up the myrtle-tree; and the Lord shall be named for an everlasting sign, that shall not be taken away.

ISAIAH IV.

From his cold nest the skylark springs;
 Sings, pauses, sings; shoots up anew;
 Attains his topmost height, and sings
 Quiescent in his vault of blue.

All round the lone and luminous mere
 The dark world stretches far and free:
 That skylark's song alone I hear;
 That flashing wave alone I see.

AUBREY DE VERE.

In May and June come pinks of all sorts, especially the blush pink; roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later; honeysuckles; strawberries; bugloss; columbine; the French marigold; flos Africanus, cherry-tree in fruit;

ribes ; figs in fruits ; rasps ; vineflowers ; lavender in flowers, the sweet satyrian with the white flower ; herba muscaria ; lilium convallium ; the apple tree in blossom.

BACON.

May 14.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

MATTHEW v.

“God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty pour out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envye :
Riches, renown and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worlde’s good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
From me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternal
brood.”

EDMUND SPENSER.

Jesus Christ says : Wo to you that laugh ! And we love mirth. He says : Wo to you that are rich, for you have your consolation in this world ! and we are always trying to accumulate riches. He says : Blessed are ye that weep ! And we fear nothing so much as tears. We must weep here below, not only for the perils of our own condition but for all that is vain and ill regulated. We must weep for ourselves and our neighbor.

FÉNELON.

May 15.

And about her it was as the flower of roses in the spring of the year, and lilies of the valleys.

ECCLESIASTES i. 8.

And in the garden as I wene
 Was an arbor fayre and grene,
 And in the arbor was a tree,
 A fayrer in the world might none be ;
 The tree it was of cypresse,
 The first tree that Jesu chese ;
 The sother-wood and sycamore,
 The red rose, and the lily-flower,
 The boxe, the beech and the laurel-tree,
 The date, also the damysè,
 The fylbyrdes hanging to the ground,
 The fygge-tree and the maple round,
 And other trees there was many ane,
 The pyany, the poplar and the plane,
 With broad branches all aboute,
 Within the arbor and eke withoute.

ANCIENT ROMANCE. [RITSON.]

She is at once the hand-maid and the parent of
 God, at once virgin and mother.

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

May 16.

I was exalted like a cedar in Lebanon, and as
 a cypress-tree upon Mount Zion. Like the best
 myrrh I yielded a pleasant odor.

ECCLESIASTES xxiv.

On each branch sat byrdes three,
 Singing with great melody,
 The lavarocke and the nightingale,
 The ruddocke, the woodwale,
 The pee, and the popinjaye,
 The thrustele sang both night and day,
 The martyn and the wren also,
 The swallow whipping to and fro,

The jay jangled them among,
 The larks began that merry song,
 The sparrow spread her on her spraye,
 The mavis sung with notes full gaye,
 The nuthake with her notes newe,
 The starling set her notes full trewe,
 The goldfinch made full merry cheer,
 When she was bent upon a briar,
 And many other fowles mo,
 The ousel and the thrush also.

ANCIENT ROMANCE. [RITSON.]

The Virgin Mother of God accomplished the emancipation of women. In primitive times, in the Age of Chivalry, in modern days, the best men have seen in her the highest type of womanhood; and have honored all women in proportion as they approached her in grace, sweetness, humility, fortitude, and wisdom.

May 17.

At that time Jesus answered and said, I give thanks to thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones.

MATTHEW xi.

Sith sails of largest size
 The storme doth soonest teare,
 I beare so low and small a sail
 As freeth me from feare.

SOUTHWELL.

The most saintly spirits are often existing in those who have never distinguished themselves as authors, or left any memorial of themselves to be the theme of the world's talk; but who have

led an interior angelic life, having borne their sweet blossoms unseen like the young lily in a sequestered vale on the banks of a limpid stream.

KENELM DIGBY.

May 18.

He came to his own, and his own received him
not.

JOHN i.

Not humbleness of Mother, but of Child,
Shines in the downward gaze of Virgin mild.
The Virgin gazes where her God doth lie :
She must look down that Heaven may meet her
eye.

R. CRASHAW. [G.]

There have been Catholics who appeared to take a pride in imitating the adversaries of their holy religion ; . . . men who were ashamed of everything but what they had solemnly renounced in their baptismal vows. . . . The spirit of chivalry in religion would despise and abhor this ungenerous and servile disposition, under whatever name it might be recommended, whether extolled as liberality, moderation, or prudence. . . . It is deceived, too, in all its wisdom. It was afraid of being despised, and so its endeavor to avoid contempt is the secret scorn of the very world it would propitiate.

KENELM DIGBY.

May 19.

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting.

ACTS ii.

With crimson raiment one from Bozrah came,
 On brow and breast the rubies flashed in flame ;
 And this from Tyre, from Tunis that, and he
 From Austral islands and the Austral sea ;
 And many a swarthy face and stern was there,
 And many a man who knows deep things and
 rare,

Knows the Chaldaic and the Coptic rite,
 The Melchian-Greek and Ebio-Maronite,
 Strange words of men who speak from long ago,
 Lived not our lives, but what we know not know.

F. W. H. MYERS. (ROME, *January 7, 1870.*)

There were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout
 men out of every nation known at that time, and
 they said, "Are not all these that speak, Gali-
 leans? and how have we heard every man our
 own tongue wherein we were born?" Marvelous
 fulfillment of God's will, but also a wonderful
 prophecy of the day when an œcumenical coun-
 cil at Rome should gather together, from every
 quarter of the globe, bishops representing nations
 and tongues, whose existence was unknown to
 civilized men, at the beginning of our era.

May 20.

And he spoke to them a similitude : See the fig-
 tree, and all the trees ; when they now shoot forth
 their fruit, you know that summer is nigh.

LUKE xxi.

Once more the yearly miracle has made
 The patient earth rejoice.

. . . Could we but roll

The crowding centuries backward like a scroll,
 These paths would know his feet,
 And hear his kindly voice so calm and sweet.

He must have loved the spring, —
 The resurrection, the re-burgeoning,
 The quickened pulse in nature's every vein,
 The skyward-mounting strain.
 Fairer to us is all this fairness now,
 That He once trod
 Where swaying poppies burn above the sod,
 And stood on yonder mountain's hallowed brow.

SPRING IN GALILEE. [CLINTON SCOLLARD.]

All have a word to say to Mary's son ; . . .
 he is a silent boy ; but there is something in his
 presence in that little town, like the sun in heaven,
 whose shining and obscurity make more difference
 to man and beast and herb than words can tell.
 . . . The rough manners of the Nazarenes soften
 when the sunbeam of his smile is on them.

FABER.

May 21.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.

ACTS ii.

And first the conclave and the choir, and then
 The immeasurable multitude of men,
 Bowed and fell down, bowed and fell down, as
 though
 A rushing mighty wind had laid them low ;
 Yea, to all hearts a revelation came,
 As flying thunder and as flying flame ;
 A moment then the vault above him seemed
 To each man as the heaven that he had dreamed ;
 A moment then the floor whereon he trod
 Became the pavement of the courts of God ;
 And in the aisles was silence, in the dome
 Silence, and no man knew that it was Rome.

F. W. H. MYERS. (ROME, *January 7, 1870.*)

But although faith is above reason, there can never be any real discrepancy between faith and reason, since the same God, who reveals mysteries and infuses faith, has bestowed the light of reason on the human mind, and God cannot deny himself, nor can truth ever contradict truth.

DECREES AND CANONS OF THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

May 22.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother.

JOHN xix.

Where the feet of the wretched and sinful
Have closest and oftenest trod,
Is a house, as humble as any,
Yet we call it the house of God.

And before that humble altar
Where Our Lady of Sorrow stands,
I knelt with a weary longing,
And I laid a vow in her hands.

And the prayer and the vow that sealed it
Have bound my soul to that shrine,
For the Mother of Sorrows remembers
Her promise and waits for mine. A. A. PROCTER.

One of the most important of these devotional subjects proper to the Madonna is "the Mourning Mother," the *Mater Dolorosa*, in which her character is that of the mother of the crucified Redeemer; the mother of the atoning Sacrifice; the queen of martyrs; the woman whose bosom was pierced with a sharp sword; through whose sorrow the world was saved, whose anguish was

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our joy, and to whom the Catholic Christians address their prayers as Consoler of the Afflicted, because she had herself tasted of the bitterest of all earthly sorrow, — the pang of the agonized mother for the loss of her child.

LEGENDS OF THE MADONNA. [ANNA JAMESON.]

May 23.

Let every one of you please his neighbor for his good.

ROMANS XV.

O very light of eyen though been blind,
O very lust of labour and distresse,
O treasurer of bounty to mankind,
The whom God chose to mother for humblesse,
From his ancelle he made thee mistresse
Of heaven and earth, our bill up to bede,¹
This world awaiteth ever on thy goodnesse,
For thou ne failedst never wight at need.

CHAUCER.

Increased sweetness to others, increased thoughtfulness and legislation for the tiny comforts of others, and a snubbing of the body's inventive appetite for lots of little things and little extras not absolutely wanted, — these are what I set before myself in illness, and then, seeing how little way I have the pluck to go, at least makes me a trifle more humble and self-hating, and so there is some good done.

LETTER TO A RELATIVE. [FABER.]

Nothing is evil until a man thinks that it is evil; and though it be now heavy and adverse, yet it will be happiness if he acts willingly, and patiently bears it.

KING ALFRED'S BOËTHIUS.

¹ To offer our appeal.

May 24.

When Jesus therefore had seen his mother and the disciple standing, whom he loved, he saith to his mother, Woman, behold thy son. After that he saith to the disciple, Behold thy mother. And from that hour the disciple took her to his own.

JOHN xix.

She stood ; she sank not. Slowly fell
Adown the cross the atoning blood.
In agony ineffable
She offered still his own to God.

No pang of his her bosom spared ;
She felt in him its several power.
But she in heart his priesthood shared ;
She offered sacrifice that hour.

AUBREY DE VERE.

O light of my soul, do thine eyes grow dull !
O spirit of my heart, doth thy breath indeed fail !
O my strength, do thy limbs grow weak ! Since
thou canst no longer support that head, and hold-
est it so bowed down towards me, open those
eyes of mercy once more before they close in
final darkness, and grant one look of pity to me.
Let thy light penetrate my heart ; take to thyself
the love of my soul.

FRA THOMÉ DE JESU (D. 1582). (CAPTIVE IN BARBARY.)

May 25.

Let them praise his name in the dance ; let
them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and
harp.

PSALM cxlix.

Then came faire May, the fairest maid on ground,
 Decked all with dainties of her season's pride,
 And throwing flowers out of her lap around ;
 Upon her brethren's shoulders she did ride,
 The twins of Leda ; which on either side
 Supported her like to their souveraine queene.
 Lord ! how all creatures laught when her they
 spide !

EDMUND SPENSER.

The blue dome above seems both taller and bluer than common, and is ringing with the loud peals of the unseen larks, as the steeples of the city ring for the nation's victory. Far off from the river flat comes the booming of the cannon, and here, all unstartled, round and round the pond a fleet of young perch are sailing in the sun, slowly and undisturbedly, as if they had a very grave enjoyment of their little lives. What a mingled scene it is of God and man ! . . . We, like the beetles and the perch, like the larks and the clouds, like the leaves and the flowers, like the smoke wreaths of the cannon and the surges of the bells, are the creatures of the one true God, . . . kith and kin to all the things around us, in near or in remote degree.

FABER.

May 26. St. Philip Neri, 1515-95.

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness !

PSALM cvi.

Gay as the lark at morning's door,
 Singing its fearless song ;
 Yet plaintive as the dove that mourns
 In secret all day long ;

Busy and blithe in hidden cell,
 Or crowded street no less,
 We use thy modest wiles to save
 The world by cheerfulness.

ST. PHILIP NERI. [FABER.]

Not only the saint himself, but his very room had such an effect on people that those who were in trouble went there for consolation. "Philip's room is not a room, it is an earthly paradise," said Marzio Altieri. Cardinal Frederick Borromeo loved to be there, even if he had nothing to say to the saint. In fact all belonging to this holy man seems to have taken from him a power to cheer and console the hearts of those who knew him. Spiritual joy, a pure and playful mirth, were in him combined with strength of character and an uncommon degree of common sense.

May 27.

As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as needy,
 yet enriching many; as having nothing, and pos-
 sessing all things.

2 CORINTHIANS VI.

Woe doth the heavier sit
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

KING RICHARD II.

I find that peace and joy have two handles, whereby we may take hold of them, Patience and Temperance. Rule thy evil with these, and then thy will may rule thee well. Horses are ruled with bridles and spurs. In prosperity use the first, that is, restraints or keep in thyself; in

adversity the last, that is, incite and use thyselfe to a gallant apathie and contempt of misfortune. Generous and mettlesome coursers, when they are breathed or rid abroad, are compelled to trample on those very things, whose first sight startled and terrified them. Doe so with thyselfe ; tread under thy feet thy most hideous adversities : so shalt thou forget the feare of fortune, which makes men unfit for vertue.

NIEREMBERG. [VAUGHAN.]

May 28.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.

PSALM lxiiv.

Never, my heart, wilt thou grow old !
My hair is white, my blood runs cold,
And one by one my powers depart,
But youth sits smiling in my heart.

Down hill the path of age ? Oh no !
Up, up with patient steps I go ;
I watch the skies fast brightening there ;
I breathe a sweeter, purer air.

Beside my path small tasks spring up,
Though but to hand the cooling cup,
Speak the true word of hearty cheer,
Tell the lone soul that God is near.

Beat on, my heart, and grow not old ;
And when thy pulses all are told,
Let me, though working, loving still,
Kneel as I meet my Maker's will.

LOUISA J. HALL.

I offer thee to-day as an eternal adornment,

in place of all red roses, a heartfelt love, for every little violet a lowly inclination; . . . for the songs of all the blithesome little birds which ever sang merrily on any a May-day flight, my soul offers thee praises without end.

THE HEAVENLY MAY-BOUGH OF BLESSED HENRY SUSO.

May 29.

Who are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

JOHN i.

I know not what it is to doubt;

My heart is ever gay;

I run no risk, for come what will

Thou always hast thy way.

FABER.

Your meditation is good, and it is an excellent method of keeping one's self in the presence of God to rest in his will and his good pleasure. I believe that St. Mary Magdalene was a statue in a niche when, without saying a word, without moving, and perhaps without looking at Him, she listened to what our Lord said, seated at his feet. When He spoke, she heard; when He ceased to speak, she ceased to hear, and yet she was still there. A little infant laid on the bosom of its sleeping mother is in its good and desirable place though she says not a word to it, nor it to her.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

May 30.

For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.

1 CORINTHIANS ii.

O happy flowers ! O happy flowers !
 How quietly for hours and hours,
 In dead of night, in cheerful day,
 Close to my own dear Lord you stay,
 Until you gently fade away !
 O happy flowers ! what would I give
 In your sweet place all day to live,
 And then to die, my service o'er,
 Softly as you do, at his door !

IMITATED FROM ST. ALPHONSO. [FABER.]

It was in order that the boundless goodness of his great love might be driven home into the hearts of his faithful ones that He . . . instituted this sacrament, — this sacrament, the everlasting “forth - showing of his death until He come” again ; this sacrament, the embodied fulfillment of all the ancient types and figures, — this Sacrament, the greatest miracle which He ever wrought, and the one mighty joy of them that now have sorrow, till He shall come again, and their heart shall rejoice, and their joy no man shall take from them.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

May 31.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only
 doeth wondrous things.

PSALM lxxi.

Almighty and all-merciable queen,
 To whom all this world fleeth for succour,
 To have release of sin, of sorrow, of tene [grief],
 Glorious Virgin, of all flowers flower !
 To thee I flee, confounded in error.
 Help and relieve, almighty debonaire ;

Have mercy of mine perilous langour!
Vanquished me hath my cruel adversaire.

CHAUCER.

While the creatures obey, the Supreme Creator sits on his throne. Thence he guides with reins all creatures. It is no wonder; for He is King, and Lord, and Fountain and Origin, and Law, and Wisdom, and righteous Judge.

KING ALFRED'S BOËTHIUS.

June

June 1.

YOUR life is hid with Christ in God.

COLOSSIANS iii.

He who of old on Calvary bled
On all thine altars lies to-day,
A bloodless Sacrifice, but dread ;
The Lamb in heaven adored for aye.

“ I will not leave you orphans. Lo !
While lasts the world, with you am I.”
Saviour ! we see thee not, but know,
With burning hearts, that thou art nigh.

AUBREY DE VERE.

The soul operates principally upon the heart, and hence we ascribe to the heart the various affections and emotions of the soul. Hence it is that God, accommodating himself to our human notions, commands us to love Him “with our whole heart.” The heart of Jesus contains the fullness of the divine and the human nature ; in it “dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead corporally.” [Colossians ii. 9.] It loved us from the first moment of the incarnation, and will love us forevermore.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

June 2.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father
everlasting.

HYMN : TE DEUM.

A Vesper acolyte,
 Born, but for this one night,
 To swing the golden censer of perfume,
 While stars the tranquil firmament illumine
 For heaven's delight. . . .

Thy blissful vigil keep,
 Rapt flower, while others sleep;
 Adoring angels claim thee from above,
 A dear companion in their task of love;
 And I would fain present
 With worshipful intent
 Thy dewy blossoms on my evening shrine;
 A contrite homage, sighing to repair,
 With the accepted incense of thy prayer,
 For sloth like mine.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE. [CATHOLIC WORLD, *January*, 1869.]

Heartsick with the thought of the African slave trade, and of all the slavery enforced by monopolies, trades unions, and all forms of society bound together by self-interest, we long for a sight of our beautiful God. In nature and in prayer only can we see Him as He would be seen, except when some pure soul mirrors Him for an instant and passes on to heaven.

June 3.

God is charity; and he that abideth in charity
 abideth in God, and God in him.

1 JOHN iv.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice?

.

The same whom in my schoolboy days
 I listened to ; that cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

WORDSWORTH.

The interior beauty of a soul through habitual kindness of thought is greater than our words can tell. To such a man life is a perpetual bright evening, with all things calm, and fragrant, and restful. The dust of life is laid, and its fever cool. All sounds are softer, as is the way of evening, and all sights are fairer, and the golden light makes our enjoyment of earth a happily pensive preparation for heaven.

FABER.

June 4.

Awake, psalters and harp ! I will awake
 early. I will praise thee, O Lord, among the
 people, and sing unto thee among the nations.

PSALM cvii.

For the tired slave, Song lifts the languid oar,
 And bids it aptly fall, with chime
 That beautifies the fairest shore,
 And mitigates the harshest clime.
 Yon pilgrims see, — in lagging file
 They move ; but soon the appointed way
 A choral Ave Marie shall beguile,
 And to their hope the distant shrine
 Glisten with a livelier ray.

WORDSWORTH.

We should not break the chords, or throw aside the lute, when we perceive a discord ; we must apply our ear to find out whence comes the disarrangement, and gently stretch or loosen the string as the art prescribes. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

June 5. St. Boniface, Martyr.

Be glad in the Lord and rejoice, ye righteous.

PSALM xxxi.

Is it the clang of wild geese,
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the northwind
The tones of a far-off bell ?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace ;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface, —

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain !

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR. WHITTIER.

What can be more sweet or happy, or worthy of admiration, than the sight of men, of various races and countries, so united by similarity of manners and discipline that one soul seems to animate many bodies, and many bodies appear to serve as the instrument of one soul !

ST. BASIL (326-379).

June 6.

The green places of the wilderness wax fat,
and the little hills are girded with joy. The

pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also overflow with corn: they shout for joy, yea, they sing.

PSALM lxiv.

Golden butterflies gleam in the sun,
 Laugh at the flowers, and kiss each one;
 And great bees come, with their sleepy tune,
 To sip their honey, and circle round;
 And the flowers are lulled by that drowsy sound,
 And fall asleep in the heart of the noon.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

What is our uppermost thought? It is that we live, and that our life is gladness. Our physical nature unfolds itself to the sun, while our mind and heart seem no less to bask in the bright influences of the thought of God.

FABER.

June 7.

O Lord, in thy favour thou gavest strength to my beauty.

PSALM xxix.

What doth Time take? what takes he not?

He takes the bloom and leaves the grace,
 Takes smart from sorrows half forgot,

And leaves youth's sweetness in the face.

He wins the tutored soul to peace,

Kind lessons shedding from his wings;

And though his takings never cease,

Some purest joys he also brings.

LOUISA J. HALL.

Lift your head to heaven, and see that not one of the mortals who are there immortal arrived thither except by continual afflictions and troubles. Say often in the midst of your contradictions, This is the way to heaven; I see the harbor, and I am

sure that storms cannot hinder me from reaching it.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

June 8.

Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not incredulous to the heavenly vision.

ACTS xxvi.

If a man cannot comprehend the matter, let him be passive, and the matter will comprehend him.

BLESSED HENRY SUSO.

Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair, blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

SHAKESPEARE.

I remember long ago, one day when I was looking at the sky, I said, "I wonder why I cannot paint a sky like that?" and she [Edwige] said, "I suppose it is because the Master can do better than the scholar," which saying has gone farther toward keeping me from being discouraged than anything that any one ever said to me.

STORY OF EDWIGE. [FRANCESCA ALEXANDER.]

June 9.

Strengthened with all might, according to the power of his glory, in all patience and long-suffering with joy.

COLOSSIANS i.

But hark! now across the moonlight,
Through the warmth of the June night,
From the tall trees' listening branches
Comes the sound, sustained and holy,
Of the passionate melancholy,
Of a wound which singing stanches.

.

Oh the passionate, sweet singing,
 Aching, gushing, throbbing, ringing,
 Dying in divine, soft closes, —
 Recommencing, waxing stronger,
 Sweet notes, ever sweeter, longer,
 Till the singing wakes the roses.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

You tell me that you cannot serve God on this bed of torture, and I say to you, When was it that our Lord rendered the greatest service to his Father? Doubtless, when He was stretched on the tree of the cross, with pierced hands and feet. That was his greatest act of service.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

June 10.

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light.

1 JOHN ii.

I look to June, fair flower of all the year:

Oh month of months, appear!

Oh ardours of the summer time, come close,
 With nightingale and rose!

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

We have been speaking of kindness. Perhaps we might better have called it the spirit of Jesus. . . . But you will say perhaps, "After all, it is a very little virtue, very much a matter of natural temperament, and rather an affair of good manners than of holy living." Well, I will not argue with you. The grass of the fields is better than the cedars of Lebanon. It feeds more, and it rests the eye better, — that thymy, daisy-eyed carpet, making earth sweet, and fair, and home-like. Kindness is the turf of the spiritual world, whereon the sheep of Christ feed quietly beneath the Shepherd's eye.

FABER.

O dear, dear feast! we have watched thy coming
 Thro' the long, glad days of this golden June,
 While the birds sang clear, and the bees were
 humming

Over the flower-beds, morn and noon.
 From the sunrise-glow till the stars were burning,
 Like glittering lamps, in the summer skies,
 Our hearts, to the great Heart ever turning,
 Longed for its *festa* with prayers and sighs.

FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

[ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.]

June 11.

Lord, do not thou utterly forsake me.

PSALM cxix.

Gracious maid and moder, which that never
 Were bitter nor in earth nor in see,
 But full of sweetness and of mercy ever
 Help, that mine fader be not wroth with me!

CHAUCER.

Our Lord, when He suffereth us to be tempted,
 playeth with us as the mother with her young
 darling; she flies from him, and hides herself,
 and lets him sit alone, and look anxiously around,
 and call Dame! dame! and weep awhile; and
 then she leapeth forth laughing, with outspread
 arms, and embraceth and kisseth him and wipeth
 his eyes. In like manner, our Lord sometimes
 leaveth us alone, . . . and yet, at that very time,
 our dear Father loveth us never the less, but doeth
 it for the great love He hath for us.

NUNS' BOOK: ANCREN RIWLE. [MORTON.]

(SEMI-SAXON MS.; AUTHOR DOUBTFUL.)

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June 12.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through
thy work, and I will triumph in the works of thy
hand.

PSALM xci.

The buttercup is like a golden cup,
The marigold is like a golden frill,
The daisy with a golden eye looks up,
And golden spreads the flag beside the rill,
And gay and golden nods the daffodil;
The grassy common swells a golden sea,
The cowslip hangs a head of golden tips;
And golden drips the honey which the bee
Sucks from sweet hearts of flowers, and stores
and sips.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

The air is filled with the songs of rejoicing
birds, or the pleased hum of the insects that are
drinking the sunbeams, and blowing their tiny
trumpets as they weave and unweave their mazy
dance. . . . And all so bright, so beautiful, so
diversified, so calm, opening out such fountains
of deep reflection, and of simple-hearted gratitude
to our heavenly Father.

FABER.

June 13. St. Anthony of Padua, 1195-1231.

And all they that believed were together, and
had all things in common.

ACTS ii.

And some there were who never shall disdain
The orders of their poverty and pain;
Amidst all pomp preferring for their need
The simple cowl and customary weed, —

Some white and Carmelite, and some alway
In gentle habit of Franciscan gray.

F. W. H. MYERS. (ROME, *January 7, 1870.*)

What is the dream of politicians and economists, if it be not the perfection of society? And is not that perfection ranked among the chimeras of Utopia which aims at establishing equality of rights, liberty in obedience, and universal brotherhood? And what is this but a religious community? There prince and swineherd eat at the same table, freely obey the master of their own choice, and all, whether masters or subjects, love one another with a love to be found nowhere else.

LACORDAIRE.

June 14.

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

1 CORINTHIANS xiii.

“It happened once, when the servitor had gone into the chapter-house, and his heart was full of heavenly jubilee, that the porter came and summoned him to the door to a woman who wanted to confess to him. The servitor tore himself unwillingly from his interior joys, and, receiving the porter harshly, replied that the woman must send for some one else, as he would not confess her then. . . .

“Meanwhile God withdrew very quickly from the servitor the delights of sensible grace, and his heart became as hard as a flint; and when he sought to know the meaning of this, God answered him: As thou hast driven from thee uncomforted the poor woman with her burdened heart, even so I have withdrawn from thee my

divine consolations." Thus does Blessed Henry Suso tell an experience of his own, and he adds that when the poor, weeping woman was found and consoled, the servitor went back to the chapter-house, "and in an instant the kind Lord was there again with his divine consolations, just as before."

June 15.

But, before all things, have a constant, mutual charity among yourselves.

1 PETER iv.

These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end ;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend. E. R. SILL.

The worst kinds of unhappiness, as well as the greatest amount of it, come from our conduct to each other. . . . The burden of life presses heavily upon multitudes of the children of men. It is a yoke very often of such a peculiar nature that familiarity, instead of practically lightening it, makes it harder to bear. Perseverance is the hand of time pressing the yoke down upon our galled shoulders with all its might. There are many men to whom life is always approaching the unbearable. . . . It is the office of kindness to make life more bearable ; and if its success in its office is often only partial, some amount of success is at least invariable.

FABER.

June 16.

Purifying your souls in the obedience of charity, with a brotherly love, from a sincere heart love one another earnestly.

1 PETER i.

The ill-timed truth we might have kept, —
 Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
 The word we had not sense to say, —
 Who knows how grandly it had rung?

E. R. SILL.

A kind-worded man is a genial man, and geniality is power. Nothing sets wrong right so soon as geniality. There are a thousand things to be reformed, and no reformation succeeds unless it be genial. . . . A genial man is both an apostle and an evangelist, — an apostle because he brings men to Christ; an evangelist because he portrays Christ to men.

FABER.

June 17.

Thou shalt not molest a stranger, for thou knowest the hearts of strangers; for you also were strangers in the land of Egypt. EXODUS xxiii.

A century of sunrises hath bowed
 Its fulgent forehead 'neath the ocean-floor
 Since first upon the West's astonished shore,
 Like some huge Alp, forth struggling through the
 cloud,

A new-born nation stood, to Freedom vowed;
 Within that time how many an empire hoar
 And young republic, flushed with wealth and war,
 Alike have changed the ermine for the shroud!
 O "sprung from earth's first blood," O tempest-
 nursed,

For thee what fates? I know not. This I know,
 The soul's great freedom, gift of gifts the first.
 Thou first on man in fullness didst bestow;
 Hunted elsewhere, God's church with thee found
 rest;

Thy future's hope is she, — that queenly guest.

THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN LIBERTY. [AUBREY DE VERE.]

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, . . . if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit; some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism, — this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

June 18.

Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the
love of woman.

2 KINGS i.

O heart of fire, misjudged by willful man,
Thou flower of Jesse's race!
What woe was thine when thou and Jonathan
Last greeted face to face!

Yet it was well, for so, 'mid cares of rule
And crime's encircling tide,
A spell was o'er thee, zealous one, to cool
Earth-joy and kingly pride;
With battle-scene and pageant, prompt to blend
The pale, calm spectre of a blameless friend.

DAVID AND JONATHAN. [CARDINAL NEWMAN.]

True friends then, I say, are the most precious of all these worldly felicities. They are not, indeed, to be reckoned as worldly goods, but divine; for deceitful Fortune does not produce them, but God, who naturally formed them as relations. . . . Nature joins and cements friends together with inseparable love.

KING ALFRED'S BOËTHIUS.

June 19.

And there was in the place where he was crucified a garden ; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein no man had yet been laid. JOHN XIX.

There is no sound of anguish in the air ;
Bees hum, birds sing, the breeze is balmy sweet ;
And from the blooming hawthorn overhead
A rosy shower droppeth at my feet.

No matter, God be praised ! some untried heart,
Strong with the rapture of a hope new born,
Is gathering a glad presage of success
From this bright, pitiless, resplendent morn.

The just have been attached to the cross with our divine Saviour, but let no man despair in troubles, let no man be dismayed in tribulations ; for when he doth least look for it, and least think of it, our Lord will raise up unto him another Joseph of Arimathea, who will take him from the cross on which the world doth crucify him, and give his sorrowful heart the sepulchre of comfort.

ANTONIO DE GUEVARA. [DIGBY.]

June 20.

Bearing with one another.

COLOSSIANS iii.

O love ! O sovereign love of the heart of Jesus !
What heart can praise and bless thee as thou
dost deserve !

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

What we give to others to-day, we may have
to beg of them to-morrow.

Bear this heavy burden of a very aged person who can no longer bear herself. At that age the reason is enfeebled; virtue even, unless very deeply rooted, seems to lose its hold; a querulous uneasiness absorbs the strength which the mind loses, and is the only vivacity left. Yours is a good and precious cross: clasp it to your breast; carry it every day, if need be, till the day of your death. But I am glad you have the relief of some hours of freedom when you can breathe in peace on our Lord's breast. Take your rest, then, and gather new strength for your work. Take care of your health; and give your mind intervals of rest, joy, and innocent liberty.

FÉNELON.

June 21. St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Confessor.

Wisdom is the gray hair unto man, and an unspotted life is old age.

WISDOM iv.

They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak;
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think;
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

LOWELL.

The Angel-lad, as the Breviary calls St. Aloysius, was born March 9, 1568, and was the eldest son of Ferdinand Gonzaga, Marquis of Castiglione. In his twenty-fourth year he died, in consequence of excessive toil in caring for the sick during a pestilence at Rome. His life presents

few events, yet his exquisite personality and his spotless character make him one of the most striking figures of the sixteenth century.

*June 22. St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola,
353-439.*

Thou hast ascended on high, hast led captivity
captive. PSALM lxxii.

Few years are left me on the earth ;
And God hath taught to me
That willing bondage borne in Christ
Is loftier liberty.

SIR PAVON AND ST. PAVON. S. H. PALFREY.

St. Gregory the Great tells us that when St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, gave himself to the Vandals in exchange for a poor widow's son, he was carried into Africa by the Vandal king's son-in-law, and there became the king's gardener. The prince, being very fond of flowers, and of salads made of herbs, used to visit the gardens frequently, and soon became so charmed with his gardener that he forsook the society of the courtiers to enjoy the company of his comely and venerable captive. One day he asked Paulinus what had been his profession in his own country. "I was by profession a bishop," answered the saint, "and a servant of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God." Then the prince implored him to depart, and to take with him anything he might desire to have. Paulinus asked for the liberty of the Campanian captives ; and so returned home, surrounded by his beloved comrades in misfortune.

June 23.

Unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

MATTHEW xviii.

An old man's carefulness that day,
 With fond caress and childlike play,
 Beyond his wont was blent;
 Thoughtful of little things, he gave
 Counsel perhaps a shade more grave
 Than common to the saint.

SAINT PHILIP NERI. FABER.

What the Campanians most admired in Paulinus was that which the Scripture commends in Moses, — youthfulness in old age. Hee was now as earnest, as hearty, and as active for the glory of God as in his most vigorous yeares. His spiritual force was not abated, nor the eye of his soul any way dimmed. [Deut. xxxiv. 7.] Hee did not coole towards his setting, but grew more large, more bright, and more fervent. Bearing trees, when their fruit is ripe, bend their boughes, and offer themselves to the gatherer's hands.

LIFE OF PAULINUS. SIR HENRY VAUGHAN.

June 24. Midsummer Day. St. John the Baptist.

And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways.

LUKE i.

. . . Even now
 This hour may set me in one place with God:
 I hear a wantoning in Herod's hall,

And feet that seek me. . . .

O Jesus, spirit and spirit, soul and soul, —

O Jesus, I shall seek thee, I shall find,

My love, my master, find thee, though I be

Least, as I know, of all men woman-born.

SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST. [F. W. MYERS.]

He is born of a barren mother, he lives in the deserts, he preaches to the barren and stony heart, he dies among the martyrs; and amidst all these sharpnesses he has a heart full of grace and benediction. . . . He keeps himself aloof from the Saviour, whom he knew and saluted with affection, that he may be wholly obedient, knowing that to find the Saviour apart from obedience is to lose Him altogether.

FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

June 25.

The soul of a holy man discovereth sometimes true things more than seven watchmen that sit in a high place to watch.

ECCLESIASTES xxxvii.

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak
When power to flattery bows? To plainness
honour's bound,

When majesty falls to folly.

SHAKESPEARE.

“Mr. Cromwell,” said Sir Thomas More, “you are entered into the service of a most noble, wise, and liberal prince. If you will follow my poor advice, you shall, in your counsel-giving to his Majesty, ever tell him what he ought to do, but never what he is able to do: so shall you show yourself a true and faithful servant, and a right

worthy counselor; for if a lion knew his own strength, hard were it for any man to rule him."

CRESACRE MORE.

June 26.

We suffer persecution, but are not forsaken;
we are cast down, but we perish not.

2 CORINTHIANS iv.

Fret not this holy stillness with thy cries;
Patience, perturbèd clay,
Lest thou should'st drown the voice of the
All-wise
With clamorous dismay.
Thinkest thou clouds and mists are less
God's work
Than sun, or moon, or stars?
His will is good, whether it bind the free,
Or sunder prison bars.

But mark how Sir Thomas (More) prepared himself for this valiant combat. . . . He addicted himself to great acts of mortification, prayer, and piety; he lessened his family, placing his men in other services; he sold his household stuff to the value of one hundred pounds; he disposed his children into their own houses. As he lay by his wife's side, many nights he slept not for thinking the worst that could happen to him; and by his prayers and tears he overcame the frailty of his flesh, which, as he confesseth of himself, could not endure a fillip.

CRESACRE MORE.

June 27.

Then shall the just stand with great constancy
against those that have afflicted them. WISDOM v.

But never let th' ensample of the bad
 Offend the good ; for good by paragone¹
 Of evil may more notably be rad ;²
 As white seemes fayrer matcht with black attone.³

EDMUND SPENSER.

“Are you then, sir, put out of the parliament bill?” said my Uncle Roper (to Sir Thomas More). “By my troth, son, I never remembered it.” “Never remembered that,” said he, “that toucheth you and us all so near? I am very sorry to hear it; for I trusted all had been well when I saw you so merry.” “Wouldest thou know, son, why I am so joyful? In good faith, I rejoyce that I have given the Devil a foul fall; because I have with those lords gone so far that without great shame I can never go back.” This was the cause of his joy, not the ridding himself of troubles, but the confidence he had in God that He would give him strength willingly to suffer anything for Christ’s sake. CRESACRE MORE.

June 28.

And there appeared to him an angel from
 heaven strengthening him.

LUKE xxii.

Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversity full patient.

CHAUCER.

On the day that Blessed Thomas More was to appear before the Commissioners at Lambeth, he went to Chelsea Church, and there was confessed, and received Holy Communion at Mass. But though he was wont to part from his wife and children at the boat with a kiss, that day he

¹ Contrast. ² Perceived. ³ At one; together.

would not have them follow him, but pulled to the wicket after him, and with a heavy heart, as shown by his face, he took boat with William Roper and their men; "in which, sitting sadly awhile, as it were with Christ in his agony in the garden, at the last suddenly," says Cresacre More, "he rounded my uncle in the ear, and said, 'I thank our Lord, son, the field is won.'"

*June 29. Feast of the Holy Apostles Peter
and Paul.*

For this is thanks-worthy, if, for conscience towards God, a man endure sorrows, suffering wrongfully.

1 PETER ii.

It is no earthly summer's ray
That sheds this golden brightness round,
Crowning with heavenly light the day
The Princes of the Church were crowned.

Fathers of mighty Rome, whose word
Shall pass the doom of life or death,
By humble cross and bleeding sword
Well have they won their laurel wreath.

FIFTH CENTURY. HYMN BY ELPIDIA, WIFE OF BOETHIUS.

[TRANSLATED BY FABER.]

This is the day whereon Simon Peter went up upon the gibbet of the cross,—Alleluia! this day did he, that holdeth the keys of the kingdom, depart hence with joy to be with Christ; this day did the Apostle Paul, the light of the whole world, bow his head, and for Christ's name sake receive the crown of his testimony. Alleluia!

ANTIPHON: BREVIARY.

June 30.

He seeth from eternity to eternity, and there is nothing wonderful before Him.

ECCLESIASTES xxxix.

The royal feast was done ; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried : “ Sir Fool,
Kneel down, and make for us a prayer ! ”

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before ;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch’s silken stool ;
His pleading voice arose : “ O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool ! ”

Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all ;
But for our blunders, — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

Earth bears no balsam for mistakes ;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will ; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

E. R. SILL.

Let us bear patiently our mistakes, with their results, which fall upon some of us for years and years, like the sting of a whiplash, or an ever-recurring stroke upon a nerve. This patience will detach us from self-love, and unite us to our heavenly Father.

July

July 1.

THIS is the chalice, the new testament in my blood, which shall be shed for you. LUKE xxii.

Forth let the long procession stream,
And through the streets in order wend ;
Let the bright, waving line of torches gleam,
The solemn chant ascend ;

While we, with tears and sighs profound,
That memorable blood record
Which, stretched on his hard cross, from many
a wound
The dying Jesus poured.

Henceforth whoso in that dear blood
Washeth shall lose his every stain,
And, in immortal roseate beauty robed,
An angel's likeness gain.

HYMN: BREVIARY. [CASWALL.]

“ When hearing some confessions on the missions,” he once said, “ and when about to give absolution, I used to say in my heart to the penitent, Well, no doubt God means to save you, you poor fellow, or He would n't give you the grace to make this mission. But just how He will do it, considering your bad habits, I can't see ; but that's none of my business.”

LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.

July 2. Feast of The Visitation.

And Mary rising up in those days went into
the hill-country with haste into a city of Juda.
And she entered into the house of Zachary, and
saluted Elizabeth.

LUKE i.

Proclaynèd queene and mother of a God,
The light of earth, the sovereign of saints,
With pilgrim foot up tiring hills she trod,
And heavenly stile with handmayd's toyle ac-
quaints ;
Her youth to age, her health to sick she lends ;
Her heart to God, to neighbor hand she bends.

SOUTHWELL.

And I am now very well satisfied that a great
many valuable friendships and strong attachments,
and even the ties of kindred, have been broken
by the self-indulgence by which people turn their
friends and acquaintances from the door, from
unwillingness to make a reasonable sacrifice to
the intercourse of friendship. It is so heart-
chilling that it does much to freeze the affections,
that would readily expand into a kind regard or
a generous friendship, to be told at the door for a
succession of years "Not at home," or "Engaged."

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER.

July 3.

Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.

ACTS vii.

And though he holy were, and virtuous,
He was to sinful men not dispiteous,
Nor of his speech dangerous nor digne,
But in his teaching discreet and benigne.

CHAUCER.

"More have I not to say, my lords," said Sir Thomas More to the judges who had condemned him; "but that, like as the blessed Apostle Saint Paul, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, was present and consenting to the death of the protomartyr Saint Stephen, keeping their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet they be now both twain holy saints in heaven, and there shall continue friends together forever; so I verily trust, and shall therefore heartily pray, that though your lordships have been on earth my judges to condemnation, yet we may hereafter meet in heaven merrily together, to our everlasting salvation; and God preserve you all, especially my sovereign lord the king, and grant him faithful counselors."

CRESACRE MORE.

July 4.

Who is like to Thee among the strong, O Lord? Who is like to Thee, glorious in holiness, terrible and praiseworthy, doing wonders?

EXODUS xv.

Cannon to cannon shall repeat her praise,
Banner to banner flap it forth in flame;
Her children shall rise up to bless her name,
And wish her harmless length of days,
The mighty mother of a mighty brood,
Blessed in all tongues and dear to every blood,
The beautiful, the strong, and, best of all, the
good.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY. [J. R. LOWELL.]

Far be it from me to depreciate the heroic self-sacrifice which men have shown in responding to what they believed to be their country's call to honorable duty; but it cannot be denied that, if

the peoples of the past had been as free and as intelligent as our people are to-day, they would have fought very few of the wars which have stained the pages of history. As liberty and education advance hand in hand, as the citizen assumes control over his own actions and learns to use his own reason, as he comes to discern the real essence and substance of war underneath its external forms and trappings, he will refuse longer to lend himself to the destruction of human life.

ORATION FOR JULY 4, 1891. JOSIAH QUINCY.

July 5.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.

MARK vi.

Tired with the little follies of the day,
A child crept, sobbing, to your arms to say
Her evening prayer; and if by God or you
Forgiven and loved, she never asked or knew.

With life's mistake and care too early old,
And spent with sorrow upon sorrow told,
She finds the father's heart the surest rest;
The earliest love shall be the last and best.

TO MY FATHER. E. S. PHELPS.

What child has ever read at school, without a sympathetic thrill, the story of Margaret Roper, — of her waiting for Sir Thomas at the Tower wharf, and her brave passage through the bills and halberds to throw herself on his breast, and drink in his last words of love and comfort? Then, parted from him and gone scarce ten steps, she turned back, and, "ravished with the entire love of so worthy a father," threw herself once more

into his kind arms, and "divers times together kissed him," while the heavy tears fell from his eyes, and the whole troop could not keep from weeping.

AFTER CRESACRE MORE.

July 6.

Oh, how comely is wisdom for the aged, and understanding and counsel to men of honor!

ECCLESIASTES XXV.

Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness.

KING LEAR.

About nine of the clock, Sir Thomas More was brought out of the Tower by Mr. Lieutenant. His beard had grown long, his face was thin and pale, in his hands he carried a red cross. Being brought to the scaffold, he desired the throng surrounding it to pray for him, and bear witness that he died in and for the faith of the holy Catholic Church, a faithful servant both of God and the king. Then he knelt and said the psalm "Miserere," which being ended, he cheerfully rose up; and, the executioner asking his forgiveness, he kissed him, saying, "Thou wilt do me this day a greater benefit than ever any mortal man can be able to give me." So, with great alacrity and spiritual joy, he received the fatal stroke. His body was buried in the Chapel of St. Peter in the Tower. Margaret Roper obtained possession of his dear head, and placed it in a niche in the wall of St. Dunstan's Church in Canterbury, where it still remains.

AFTER CRESACRE MORE.

July 7.

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
neither shall they be exercised any more in war.

ISAIAH ii.

What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.

CORIOLANUS.

The darkest hour in the history of war may be yet to come, but it will be a darkness that presages dawn. . . . We cannot fix a date for the cessation of war, and it will hardly come in what remains of the nineteenth century; yet it may come in the twentieth, and some within the sound of my voice may live to look back upon it as an outgrown barbarism, as to-day we look back upon the quarrels of the feudal barons, upon trial by battle, and upon dueling. It has been well said that many disappointments and misunderstandings arise from the fact that man is in a hurry and the Creator is not. "The kingdom of God cometh not by observation;" the arrival of peace draws near slowly and imperceptibly, but none the less surely.

JULY 4, 1891. JOSIAH QUINCY.

July 8.

Young men and maidens, old men and children, — let them praise the name of the Lord,
for his name alone is exalted.

PSALM cxlviii.

Daisied meadows, fields of clover,
Grasses juicy, fresh and sweet, —
In a day the wild bees hover
Over many a fragrant heap;

Windrows all the meads do cover,
 Blossoms fall and farmers reap;
 In a month and all is over,
 Stored away for winter's keep.

HAY-MAKING. DORA READ GOODALE.

If there enter your soul a sense of peace which
 makes you forget all that is behind you, all that
 is mournful and confused in your past, *that is*
God.

DE RAVIGNAN.

July 9.

You cannot serve God and Mammon.

MATTHEW vi.

What are rich people meant for? To be the
 prey of the poor. Prey! there is no other word
 for it. The rich are meant for the poor. The
 poor are the cause and the significancy, as they
 will be also the salvation, of the rich. The poor
 are God's eagles to beset, infest, and strip the
 rich. He alone is happy in his riches who lets
 these eagles of God tear him with least resistance.
 That process, rich man, is what thou art meant
 for.

FABER.

Then came hot July, boyling like to fire,
 That all his garments he had cast away:
 Upon a lion raging yet with ire
 He boldly rode, and made him to obey:

Behind his back a scythe, and by his side
 Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

EDMUND SPENSER.

In July come gilliflowers of all varieties; musk
 roses; the lime-tree in blossom; early pears and
 plums in fruit; genitings; codlins.

BACON.

July 10.

The flowers have appeared in our land, the
time of pruning is come. CANTICLE OF CANTICLES.

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden
eyes ;
With everything that pretty bin — My lady
sweet, arise, arise, arise. SHAKESPEARE.

Flowers used to form a calendar of holydays.
The snowdrop was Our Lady of February ; clem-
atis was Virgin's bower ; the early daffodil was
Lent lily ; and the passion flower bloomed in Sep-
tember about the time of Holyrood Day. Mari-
gold is a prettier name than calendula ; Canter-
bury bells do honor to St. Augustine ; the star of
Bethlehem still keeps its own sweet name.

July 11.

Among the gods there is none like unto thee,
O Lord : neither are there any works like unto
thy works. PSALM lxxxv.

But o'er the elements
One hand alone,
One hand has sway.
What influence day by day
In straiter belt prevents
The impious Ocean, thrown
Alternate o'er the ever-sounding shore ?

TRAGIC CHORUS. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion : for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further ; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity.

BACON.

July 12.

Always rejoice.

1 THESSALONIANS V.

Then illness came : I should have argued, once,
That the ill body gave me those ill thoughts ;
But I have learned that spirit, though it be
Subtile and hard to trace, is mightier
Than matter, and I know the poisoned mind
Poisoned its shell.

E. R. SILL.

The great enemy of the soul is not trial, but sadness, which is the bleeding wound of self-love. . . . It is fertile of evils, chokes a great deal of good, resists the operation of divine grace, and is the great adversary of cheerfulness. It contracts the heart, darkens the mind, and insinuates the morbid elements of self-love like a virulent poison into the soul. Shall we call it blood-poisoning or soul-poisoning? It is both. It is noxious to the whole spirit of life natural, as well as supernatural.

ULLATHORNE.

July 13.

Watch ye, therefore, because ye know not the day nor the hour.

MATTHEW XXX.

Hoyse up sail while gale doth last,
 Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
 Seeke not time when time is past,
 Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
 After-wits are dearly boughte,
 Let thy forewit guide thy thoughte.

SOUTHWELL.

How now, tardy spirits, — why
 This negligence? why lingering do ye plod?
 Run to the mountain, that from every eye
 The scales may fall that seal your sight from
 God.

DANTE: PURGATORY. [PARSONS.]

Towards afternoon a person who has nothing to do, drifts rapidly away from God. To sit down in a chair without an object, is to jump into a thicket of temptations. A vacant hour is always the Devil's hour. When time hangs heavy, the wings of the spirit flap painfully and slow. Then it is that a book is a strong tower, nay, a very church, with angels lurking among the leaves as if they were so many niches.

FABER.

July 14.

Every best gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no change, nor shadow of alteration.

ST. JAMES I.

It is not love that steals the heart from love:
 'T is the hard world, and its perplexing cares;
 Its petrifying selfishness, its pride,
 Its low ambition, and its paltry aims.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

A man greedy of wealth coveteth what might suffice for many thousands; but though his heart

should break, he cannot spend upon himself more than one man's portion. All that man or woman desireth more than is sufficient for leading life comfortably, according to their station, is covetousness, and the root of mortal sin. This is true religion, — that every one, according to his station, should borrow from this frail world as little as possible of food, clothes, goods, and of all worldly things. Understand rightly this word which I say to you, — according to his station, — for it is feathered, that is, charged.

ANCREN RIWLE. [MORTON.]

July 15.

And another angel came, and stood before the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given to him much incense, that he should offer of the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which is before the throne of God.

APOCALYPSE viii.

Here is the open portal, whereby Peace

Doth woo thee to her most secure retreat;

Without, the noise and groaning of the street,
In the fierce strife for wealth and wealth's increase,

Surges like baleful thunder, nor doth cease

While morn to night and night to morn repeat

The dreams of wild ambition, and the fleet,
Strong tide flows onward, giving no release.

But enter thou: a soft encircling gloom

With slender sprays of jeweled light abloom,

Mellow with incense and the breath of prayer;

And, in the mystic glory of his shrine,

One, holiest, who with welcoming hands divine

Doth wait to free thy soul from sin and care.

CATHOLIC WORLD, 1892. MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

The church is the place of angels and arch-angels, the court of God, and the image or presentment of heaven itself.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

July 16.

And the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the saints ascended up before God from the hand of the angel.

APOCALYPSE viii.

O blissful ecstasy! Most precious gift,
That thus can free from all the bonds that pull
The wingèd spirit backward to the clod,
And through the mist of earthly cloud uplift
This moment of rapt silence, beautiful
With holy fear, and holier love of God!

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

After the kiss of peace in the Mass, when the priest consecrates, forget there all the world, and there be entirely out of the body; there in glowing love embrace your beloved (Saviour) who is come down from heaven into your breast's bower, and hold him fast until he shall have granted whatever you wish for.

THE ANCREN RIWLE (13TH CENTURY). [MORTON.]

July 17.

Learn of me because I am meek and humble of heart.

MATTHEW xi.

They fell to dance. Then did they all agree
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit;
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
That most in Pastorellas grace did sit:
Thereat frowned Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
 Took Coridon and set him in his place,
 That he should lead the dance as was his fashion,
 For Coridon could dance and trimly trace ;
 And when as Pastorella, him to grace,
 Her flowery garland took from her own head,
 And placed on his, he did it soon displace,
 And did it put on Coridons instead :
 Then Coridon waxed frolicke that earst seemed
 dead.

FAERIE QUEENE. SPENSER.

It is an odd fact that courtesy loves to affect that humility which most men disdain to cultivate in earnest. Since its semblance is so gracious and winning, what must the reality be? We seldom have a chance to know, for of all graces humility is the most exalted, and dwells with the noblest spirits in an atmosphere too rare for the lungs of ordinary mortals.

July 18.

Then, therefore, Pilate took Jesus and scourged him.

JOHN xix.

Thy wounds, O Lord, are mouths and eyes ;
 Let not the strange words breed surprise :
 Where'er I look, wounds seem to speak ;
 Where'er I look, wounds in tears break ;
 Mouths with ruddy lips parted,
 Eyes as of the broken-hearted.

CRASHAW.

We ought above all things to secure tranquillity, not because it is the mother of contentment, but because it is the daughter of the love of God, and of the resignation of our own will. The

occasions of practicing it occur daily, for we shall never want contradictions in whatever place we are ; and if no one offered them to us, we should make them for ourselves.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

*July 19. St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor,
1576-1660.*

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

MATT. xxii.

Thou dwellest in a warm and cheerful home,
Thy roof in vain the winter tempest lashes ;
While homeless wretches round thy mansion
 roam,
On whose unsheltered head the torrent plashes.

Thy board is loaded with the richest meats,
O'er which thine eyes in sated languor wander :
Many might live on what thy mastiff eats,
Or feast on fragments which thy servants squander.

Thy limbs are muffled from the piercing blast,
When from thy fireside corner thou dost sally ;
Many have scarce a rag upon them cast,
With which the frosty breezes toy and dally.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

St. Vincent de Paul founded a congregation of missionary priests called Lazarists, who to this day are benefactors of mankind ; and also the congregation of Sisters of Charity, that golden chain which binds together rich and poor, and shows forth everywhere the equality and fraternity of Christ's children.

July 20.

Jesus said to him: The foxes have holes and the birds of the air nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. LUKE x.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne,
Without all blemish or reproachful blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torne
Of cruel hands, who with despite full shame
Revyling Him, that them most vile became,
At length Him nayled on a gallows-tree,
And slew the Just by most unjust decree.

EDMUND SPENSER.

What charity in St. Paulinus, who, after spending his whole patrimony in alms, sold himself, and became a slave, to redeem the son of a poor widow! And what a spirit in St. Vincent de Paul, to go in place of an unhappy man who, for one act of smuggling, was condemned for three years to the galleys, and there to serve as a volunteer, so that he bore the marks of the irons till his death!

KENELM DIGBY

July 21.

Commit thy way to the Lord and trust in Him and He will do it. PSALM xxxii.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

TO A WATERFOWL. BRYANT.

Await God's good time. One hour's work,

done in accordance with his will, accomplishes more than a month of worry and restless, inconsequent activity.

For whatsoever any one begins out of season has no good end. When the sun's brightness in the month of August shines, then does he foolishly who will at that time sow any seed in the dry furrows. So also does he who will seek flowers in the storms of winter. Nor canst thou press wine at mid-winter, though thou be desirous of warm must.

KING ALFRED'S BOËTHIUS.

July 22. St. Mary Magdalen.

Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much.

LUKE vii.

The sweet fragrance of thine ointment
All the earth is filling now ;
And thy tears are turned to jewels
For a crown upon thy brow ;
There are thousands in all ages
Come to Christ because of thee :
Oh, then, Mary, with thy converts
In thy kindness number me.

FABER.

Love appears to us the distinguishing grace of those who were sinners before they were saints ; not that love is not the life of all saints, of those who have never needed a conversion, of the Blessed Virgin, of the two St. Johns, and of those others, many in number, who are "first-fruits unto God and the Lamb," but that, while in those who have never sinned it is so contemplative as almost to resolve itself into the sanctity of

God himself, in those in whom it dwells as a principle of recovery it is so full of devotion, of zeal, of activity, and good works that it gives a visible character to their history, and is ever associating itself with one's thoughts of them.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

July 23.

Mine eyes fail with looking upward.

SONG OF HEZEKIAH.

Go, then ; and let this being with a plain,
Smooth reed be girt, and wash with thine own
hand

His visage pure from every soil and stain ;
For until every dimness be dispersed,
It were not befitting to beclouded eyes
To come before the One who sits the First
Angel, — a ministrant of Paradise.

When we had come to where the dewdrops pass
But slowly off (by reason of the shade
The sun resisting), on the soft small grass
His outstretched palms my Master gently laid :
Whence I, acquainted with his act's intent,
Held up my cheeks all wet with tears to him,
While he restored unto my face besprent
My natural hue, which Hell had made so grim.

DANTE : PURGATORY. [T. W. PARSONS.]

Who am I, and what am I ? What evil have
not been either my deeds, or if not my deeds my
words, or if not my words my will ?

ST. AUGUSTINE.

July 24.

My dearest, if God hath so loved us, we also
ought to love one another.

1 JOHN iv.

Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning; and these three last have never converted any one unless they were kind also. In short, kindness makes us as gods to each other. Yet, while it lifts us so high, it keeps us sweetly low.

FABER.

Great quiet in thy garden, now the song
Of that last nightingale has died away !
Here jangling city chimes the silence wrong,
But in thy garden perfect rest hath sway.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Trees I would have none in it [the heath], but some thickets made only of sweetbriar and honeysuckle, and some mild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses: for these are sweet and prosper in the shade; and these are to be in the heath here and there, not in any order.

BACON.

July 25. St. James, Apostle.

And James the son of Zebedee, and John the brother of James; and He named them Boanerges, which is the sons of thunder.

MARK iii.

Christ heard, and willed that James should fall,
First prey of Satan's rage;
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above,
Before the Conqueror's throne;
Thus God grants prayer, but in his love
Makes times and ways his own.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The officer who led James to judgment declared himself a Christian, won by his serene and valiant bearing. "Forgive me," he said, as they were hurried to execution, and James, kissing him, replied, "Peace be unto you."

AFTER THE BREVIARY.

July 26. St. Anne, Mother of Our Lady.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. PROVERBS xxxi.

Opposite Peter seest thou Anna seated,
So well content to look upon her daughter,
Her eyes she moves not while she sings Hosanna.

DANTE : PARADISO. [LONGFELLOW.]

O Lord my God, Thou art very great.

PSALM cii.

Heaven is his home. But hark ! the breeze increases ;

The sunset forests, catching sudden fire,

Flash, swell, and sing, a million-organed choir ;
Roofing the west, rich clouds in glittering fleeces
O'erarch ethereal spaces and divine
Of heaven's clear hyaline.

AUBREY DE VERE.

"You will not allow me the merit of a swan," says Socrates ; "they, you know, are said to sing most sweetly when they know that they are going to die ; they rejoice that they are to go to the deity whose servants they are. . . . I think that, as they are peculiarly consecrated to Apollo, they have the gift of foresight ; and thus, foreknowing the happiness which awaits them in another world, they sing and express more joy on that day than they ever did before. And I

think, too, that I serve the same Power as the swans, and am consecrated to the same God ; and that I have from our Master as much the gift of foreknowledge as they have ; and that I have no more misgivings at quitting life than they have."

PLATO : PHAEDO. [WHEWELL.]

July 27.

And the spirit and the bride say, Come. And he that heareth, let him say, Come ; and he that thirsteth, let him come.

APOCALYPSE xxii.

Dear dead ! they have become
Like guardian angels to us ;
And distant heaven, like home,
Through them begins to woo us ;

They move with noiseless foot
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us. FABER.

I wish I knew what you in the choir of angels think of me in the midst of trouble and sorrow ! . . . God is love, and the nearer you are to God the more must you be filled with love. . . . You surely are merciful, being joined to mercy, yet free from unhappiness ; you who are painless must still have compassion. Your love is not lessened nor changed ; since you put on God, you have not put off the care of us. You have thrown off weakness, but not love : charity never faileth ; you will not forget me.

ST. BERNARD TO HIS BROTHER GIRARD IN HEAVEN.

July 28.

Oh, let the nations be glad and sing for joy ;
 for thou judgest the people righteously, and gov-
 ernest the nations upon earth. PSALM lxvi.

Let me, along this fallen bole, at rest,
 Turn to the cool, dim roof my glowing face,
 Delicious dark on weary eyelids prest !
 Enormous solitude of silent space,
 But for a low and thunderous ocean sound,
 Too far to hear, felt thrilling through the ground.

No stir nor call the sacred hush profanes,
 Save when from some bare tree-top, far on high,
 Fierce disputations of the clamorous cranes
 Fall muffled, as from out the upper sky ;
 So still, one dreads to wake the dreaming air,
 Breaks a twig softly, moves the foot with care.

AMONG THE REDWOODS. E. R. SILL.

Who is it, Lord, that sustains all this? Who
 feeds it all? It is Thou who providest for all,
 each in its own way ; for great and small, for
 rich and poor. It is Thou, O God, who doest
 this. Thou, O God, art God indeed.

BLESSED HENRY SUSO.*July 29. St. Martha.*

Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister Mary,
 and Lazarus. JOHN xi.

O dear Saint Martha, busy saint !
 By love's keen fervor ever pressed !
 Oh get us fervor not to faint
 Until we reach our heavenly rest.

.

Saint of the busy hand and heart !

We for thy spirit humbly cry ;

O Martha ! get us Mary's part, —

Not feet to walk, but wings to fly.

FABER.

Let Martha be active, but let her not control Mary. Let Mary be contemplative, but let her not despise Martha ; for our Lord will take up the defense of her who is censured. . . . But those who have Martha's cares upon them may enjoy a most perfect share in Mary's rest if they refer everything to God.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

July 30.

Through Thee shall our horn toss our enemies.

PSALM xliii.

Each ray of thy will,

Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long
over, shall thrill

Thy whole people the countless with ardor, till
they, too, give forth

A like cheer to their sons, who in turn fill the
south and the north

With the radiance thy deed was the germ of.

SAUL. [BROWNING.]

The spirit of man, incensed by adversities and collected into itselfe, is by a certain antiperistasis made more ardent and aspiring : fire is never stronger nor more intense than amongst water. In the bosom of a cloud it breakes forth into thunder. So this divine spark, which God hath shut up in vessels of clay, when all the passages of pleasure are stopt, his raies — which before were disused and extravagant — returne into itselfe, and, missing their usual vent, break forth with such violence as carries with it sometimes

the very body, and steales the whole man from passion and mortality. The levitie of fire is of greater force than the gravitie and massinesse of earth. His spirit is unresistable, and the unknown force of it will blow up the greatest mountains, and the strongest castles this earth affords.

NIEREMBERG. [SIR H. VAUGHAN.]

July 31. St. Ignatius Loyola.

At that time the Lord appointed other seventy-two also, and sent them two and two before his face into every city and place whither He himself would go.

LUKE I.

Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues ; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

SHAKESPEARE.

“It was in the exercise of his apostolic ministry that he found the means of assuaging that hunger and thirst, that zeal for the salvation of souls, which we may say fairly devoured him.” These words were spoken by Mgr. Dupanloup over the body of the saintly Père de Ravignan ; they might have been said of his Father, St. Ignatius, and with equal truth of thousands of his brethren. Where are the members of the Company of Jesus most at home ? It would be hard to say : the school, the confessional, the hospital, are equally their field of combat with ignorance and sin. The throes of martyrdom, by cross or gibbet or fire or shot, are to them only the answer to their battle-cry, “All for the greater glory of God.”

August

August 1. St. Peter-in-Chains. Lammas Day.

AND, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison. And he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly.

ACTS xii.

Peter, blest shepherd, hearken to our cry,
And with a word unloose our guilty chain;
Thou, who hast power to ope the gates on high
To men below, and power to shut them fast
again.

HYMN: BREVIARY. [CASWALL.]

The chains of Peter consist of the iron chain, studded with gems, which was given to the Empress Eudocia at Jerusalem as the same wherewith Herod bound the apostle; and that Roman chain wherewith St. Peter was shackled under the Emperor Nero. Since the year 439 they have been regarded with honor by the faithful.

AFTER THE BREVIARY.

August 2. St. Alphonsus Liguori, 1696-1787.

Spread a path before him that rideth on the heavens.

ISAIAH lxvii.

When midsummer's steady radiance streameth
from unclouded skies,
And, all fragrant, sweet, and stately, snowy summer lilies rise,

In the fervid, fruitful stillness of the noontide of
the year,
Comes a day — thy day, O Father — to thy
children blest and dear.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

The poor and the country-people most chiefly roused the pity of St. Alphonsus, and in 1742 he founded the Congregation of Redemptorists, or Priests of the Most Holy Redeemer, to follow in Christ's footsteps by preaching the gospel to the poor throughout fields and villages and hamlets. Equally valuable are the labors of these apostolic men in cities. Who does not know and love their churches, set wide open at all hours to receive the tired spirits who seek a moment's rest in their Father's house? St. Alphonsus made an awful vow never to waste time, and, more awe-inspiring still, he kept it.

August 3.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be
thy name.

MATTHEW vi.

It chanced one day, and only one, 't is said,
That Zita lingered, being lost in prayer,
And quite forgot she had not made the bread,
Which on that morning should have been her care.
Till service over, as she homeward sped,
She recollected, and would now repair
Her error, so ran quickly all the way,
To make the bread which must be baked that day.

But on the table what did she behold?
The loaves all there, a cloth above them laid,
At sight of which was Zita much consoled,

Not doubting but her mistress had them made :
 But no, the house was silent ; young and old
 Had slept while Zita in the church delayed.
 She could but thank her Lord, with heart content,
 Who by his angels had this favor sent.

BALLAD OF SANTA ZITA. F. ALEXANDER.

I do not doubt that God will hold you with his
 hand ; and if He lets you stumble, it will only be
 to show you that, if He did not hold you, you
 would fall down, and so to make you hold his
 hand the faster.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

August 4. St. Dominic, 1170–1221.

A wise man that built his house upon a rock.

MATTHEW vii.

Dominic was he called ; and him I speak of
 Even as of the husbandman whom Christ
 Elected to his garden to assist Him.

DANTE : PARADISO. [LONGFELLOW.]

Lacordaire, after sketching in masterly fashion the beautiful figure of St. Dominic, groups about him some of the most famous men of his order : its apostles, St. Hyacinth in Poland and the North, St. Vincent Ferrer in Europe, Bartholomew de las Casas in America ; its doctors, Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas ; its artists, Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo, the friend, as he says, “ of Jerome Savonarola, whom an ungrateful people burned alive in vain, for his virtue and his glory have risen above the flames of his funeral pile.”

August 5. Our Lady of the Snows.

And there was there Mary Magdalene, and the
other Mary sitting over against the sepulchre.

MATTHEW xxvii.

And as a little child, that towards its mother
Stretches its arms when it the milk has taken,
Through impulse kindled into outward flame,
Each of those gleams of whiteness upward reached
So with its summit, that the deep affection
They had for Mary was revealed to me.
Thereafter they remained there in my sight,
Regina Cœli singing with such sweetness
That ne'er from me has the delight departed.

DANTE: PARADISO. [LONGFELLOW.]

All virtue lies in woman, and the health of the
world. God has made nothing so good as woman.
. . . He who can tell where the sunshine ends
may set the limit of her praise. Women are pure,
and good, and fair; they diffuse goodness and
make men worthy.

ULRICH VON LICHTENSTEIN.

August 6. Transfiguration of our Lord Jesus Christ.

And his garments became shining and exceeding
white as snow, so as no fuller upon earth can
make white. And there appeared to them Elias
and Moses; and they were talking with Jesus.

MARK ix.

We see a dazzling sight,
That shall outlive all time,
Older than depth or starry height,
Limitless and sublime.

HYMN: BREVARY. [CARDINAL NEWMAN.]

To say "Live Jesus!" on Thabor, St. Peter, rough as he was, had easily the courage; but to say "Live Jesus!" on Calvary belongs only to the Mother, and to the beloved disciple who was left to her as her son.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

"How can any one doubt," said St. Francis de Sales, "that in heaven we shall recognize our friends? If Moses and Elias retain their individuality so as to be known as Moses and Elias on Mt. Thabor, why should not those whom we love retain their personal identity?"

August 7.

I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be made rich.

APOCALYPSE iii.

This Avarice held in her hand
A purse that hunge by a band,
And that she hid and bound so strong
Men must abide wonder long
Out of the purse ere there come aught,
For that He cometh in her thought;
It was not certaine her intent
That from that purse a penny went.

CHAUCER.

Though to the covetous man come as many riches as there are grains of sand by the sea-cliffs, or stars which in dark nights shine, he nevertheless will not cease from complaints, so as not to lament his poverty. Though God fulfill the wishes of wealthy men with gold, and with silver, and with all precious things, nevertheless the thirst of their avarice will not be satisfied, but the unfathomable gulf will have very

many waste holes to gather into. Who can give enough to the insane miser? The more any one gives to him the more he covets.

KING ALFRED'S BOËTHIUS.

August 8.

Pursue justice, godliness, faith, charity, patience, mildness.

1 TIMOTHY vi.

What is our life? It is a mission to go into every corner it can reach, and reconquer for God's beatitude his unhappy world back to Him. It is a devotion of ourselves to the bliss of the divine life by the beautiful apostolate of kindness.

FABER.

The sixth was August, being rich arrayed

In garment all of gold down to the ground ;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid

Forth by the lily hand, the which was crowned
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found :
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old

Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound ;
But, after Wrong was loved and Justice solde,
She left the unrighteous world, and was to heaven extold.

EDMUND SPENSER.

In August come plums of all sorts in fruit ;
pears ; apricots ; barberries ; filberds ; muskmelons ; monkshoods of all colors.

BACON.

August 9.

For if any man think himself to be something, whereas he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

GALATIANS vi.

The first stocké father of gentilnes,
 What man desireth gentil for to be,
 Must follow his trace, and all his wittes dress
 Virtue to love and vices for to flee,
 For unto virtue 'longeth dignity,
 And not the reverse falsely, dare I deem,
 Tho' wear he mitre, crown, or diademe.

This first stocké was full of rightwisnesse,
 True of his word, sober, pitious and free,
 Clean of his ghost, and lovéd businesse,
 Against the vice of sloth in honesty,
 And, but his heir love virtue as did he,
 He is not gentil, though he riché seeme,
 All wear he mitre, crown or diademe. CHAUCER.

Two things may dignity and power do if it
 come to the unwise. It may make him honora-
 ble and respectable to other unwise persons. But
 when he quits the power or the power him, then
 is he to the unwise neither honorable nor respect-
 able.

KING ALFRED'S BOËTHIUS.

August 10.

In the company of great men take not upon
 thee : and when the ancients are present speak
 not much.

ECCLESIASTICUS xxxii.

Orlando. Your accent is something finer than
 you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Rosalind. I have been told so of many ; but
 indeed an old religious uncle taught me to speak.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The faculty of sitting still without fidgeting,
 of walking without rushing, and of speaking

without screaming can be acquired only under tuition ; but it is worth some little trouble to attain.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Very pleasant are the manners of religious women in convents, and, indirectly, of those educated under their influence. There we find sweetness, deference for others, and that habitual consciousness of God's presence which creates a personal dignity, very impressive, and free from all sense of personal importance.

August 11.

For so they persecuted the prophets that were before you.

MATTHEW V.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul !
Muse, and take better heart ;
Back with thine angel to the field
And bravely do thy part.

For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

FABER.

Not the wrongs done to us harm us, only those we do to others. . . . Seneca says that malicious people have to drink most of their own venom. The way to make them drink all of it is to take no notice of them whatever.

LONGFELLOW.

August 12. St. Clare, Co-Founder with St. Francis of Assisi, 1193-1253.

If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast,
and give to the poor. MATTHEW xix.

I knelt and wept: my Christ no more I seek,
His throne is with the outcast and the weak.

LOWELL.

One day they (the Saracens serving under the Emperor Frederic) advanced nearly to the gates of Assisi, and attacked the convent of San Damiano. The nuns, seized with terror and despair, rushed to the bedside of their "Mother," Clara, and cowered around her like frightened doves when the hawk has stooped upon their dove-cot. But Clara, then suffering from a grievous malady, and long bedridden, immediately arose, full of holy faith; — took from the altar the pix of ivory and silver which contained the Host, placed it on the threshold, and, kneeling down, in front of her sisterhood, began to sing in a clear voice, "Thou hast rebuked the heathen, thou hast destroyed the wicked, thou hast put out their name forever and ever!" whereupon the barbarians, seized with a sudden panic, threw down their arms and fled.

MRS. JAMESON.

August 13.

I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole
heart. PSALM ix.

There was once a monastery where the monks were all very old, and when they chanted the holy offices, their cracked voices jarred on each

other's ears. So, when one day a young novice offered himself, great was their joy to find that he had a fine voice and was a musician of rare skill. Now their devotions were very pleasant; the old monks sang softly that they might hear the rich tones of their young companion, and he no less enjoyed the supremacy of his noble gift. But one evening an angel appeared in the midst of them, and he said: "Why is there no longer any music in this monastery?—the jubilant *Te Deum*, the tender *Miserere* which used to penetrate to the very heart of God, are never heard now. What does it mean?" Then the old monks looked up penitently, and the young novice bowed his humbled head, and they learned from the angel a lesson in music which they never forgot.

OLD STORY.

August 14.

That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me.

JOHN xvii.

Lady, thou art so great, and so prevailing,
 That he who wishes grace, nor runs to thee,
 His aspirations without wings would fly.
 Not only thy benignity gives succour
 To him who asketh it, but oftentimes
 Forerunneth of its own accord the asking.
 In thee compassion is, in thee is pity,
 In thee magnificence; in thee unites
 Whate'er of goodness is in any creature.

DANTE: PARADISE. [LONGFELLOW.]

At some time in the day or night think upon

and call to mind all who are sick and sorrowful, who suffer affliction and poverty, the pain which prisoners endure who lie heavily fettered with iron; . . . compassionate those who are under strong temptations; take thought of all men's sorrows, and sigh to our Lord that he may take care of them, and have compassion, and look upon them with a gracious eye. ANCREN RIWLE.

August 15. Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

Thou art beautiful, O my love; sweet and comely as Jerusalem. CANTICLE OF CANTICLES vi.

Swifter and swifter grows
That marvelous flight of love,
As though her heart were drawn
More vehemently above;
While jubilant angels part
A pathway for the Dove! FABER.

Sweet Lady, Saint Mary, for the same great joy that filled all the earth, when thy sweet blissful Son received thee into his infinite bliss and with his blissful arms placed thee on the throne, and a queenly crown on thy head brighter than the sun; O high, heavenly queen, so receive these salutations from me on earth, that I may blissfully salute thee in heaven.

ANCREN RIWLE. [MORTON.]

August 16.

All whatsoever you do in word or in work, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him.

COLOSSIANS iii.

So Jonas once, his weary limbs to reſte,
 Did ſhroude himſelf in pleaſant ivy ſhade,
 But lo ! while him a heavy ſleepe oppreſt,
 His ſhadowy bower to withered ſtalke did fade ;
 A cankered worme had gnawen the root away,
 And brought the glorious branches to decaye.

SOUTHWELL.

It is ſeldom that we can command reſpoſe ; it comes with reſpoſive readineſs when we are weary, but when our effort has been to eſchew toil, reſpoſe is coy. Let the old have longer holidays (boys get moſt of them now) . . . but let no man ever throw his ſpade away as long as he can dig at all. Reſt is worth the name only when it is to be followed by work. This ſeparates it from diſſolution.

OLD MEN. BY ONE OF THEM.

August 17.

The eye hath not ſeen, O God, beſides Thee,
 what things Thou haſt prepared for them that
 wait for Thee.

ISAIAH lxiv.

O Cross ! ſole Hope that doſt not woo to mock !

AUBREY DE VERE.

Fearful is the dawn, loathſome the ſong of early birds, to him who wakens after experiencing or fearing ſome great calamity. Nature's lovelieſt viſion and her moſt ſweet reſreſhment ; thoſe pure, ethereal mornings when the ſky diſplays itſelf in all its magnificence, having watered the earth with dew, fall powerless on his ſenſes. The Church is a new world, — it has new mornings, new zephyrs ; and they who cloſed their eyes in ſorrow awake in joy to ſee the glories and to feel the enchantment of a ſun that puts grief to flight

and that sheds over the soul a cloudless and an everlasting serenity.

KENELM DIGBY.

August 18.

And all who will live piously, in Christ Jesus,
shall suffer persecution.

2 TIMOTHY iii.

This be my comfort, in these days of grief,
Which is not Christ's, nor forms heroic tale.
Apart from Him, if not a sparrow fall,
May not He pitying view and send relief
When foes or friends perplex, and peevish
thoughts prevail?

VEXATIONS: CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The whole world is God's smithy, in which He
forgeth his elect. Wouldst thou that God had
no fire in his smithy, nor bellows, nor hammers?
Fire — that is, shame and pain; bellows — that is,
they who speak evil of thee; hammers — that is,
they who do thee harm?

ANCREN RIWLE.

August 19.

To the weak I became weak, that I might gain
the weak.

1 CORINTHIANS ix.

Merciful heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak,
Than the soft myrtle.

SHAKESPEARE.

Then sat Aïdan among other elders, and said
to the bishop after he had heard his words: —
“Methinketh, brother (quoth he) that thou wert
harder to the unlearned men, than it was right,

in thy lore; and thou gavest them not first, according to the apostolic discipline, milk of the soft lore to drink, until thou stick-meal (piece-meal) fed them with the word of God, that they might receive God's perfect and higher commandments."

KING ALFRED'S BEDE.

*August 20. St. Bernard of Clairvaux,
1091-1153.*

Behold thy mother.

JOHN XIX.

And he began this holy orison.
 "Thou Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
 Humble and high beyond all other creature,
 The limit fixed of the eternal counsel,
 Thou art the one who such nobility
 To human nature gave, that its Creator
 Did not disdain to make himself its creature.
 Within thy womb rekindled was the love,
 By heat of which in the eternal peace
 After such wise this flower hath germinated.
 Here unto us thou art a noonday torch
 Of charity, and below there among mortals
 Thou art the living fountain-head of hope."

DANTE: PARADISE. [LONGFELLOW.]

The poet [Dante] looking round, finds that Beatrice has left his side, and her place is filled by that "teacher revered," St. Bernard. . . .

St. Bernard then breaks forth into that sublime address to the Virgin-mother which Petrarch has imitated, and Chaucer has translated. This leading idea, this rapport between the Virgin and St. Bernard . . . is constantly reproduced in the pictures painted for the Cistercian Order.

MRS. JAMESON.

*August 21. St. Jane Frances de Chantal,
Widow, 1575–1641.*

She spreadeth out her hands to the poor, yea,
she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

PROVERBS xxxi.

Death, ere thou shalt slay another,
Wise, and good and fair as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

The saint of to-day founded with St. Francis de Sales the holy institution of the Visitation, which has preserved untarnished for nearly three centuries its purity of aims, and is as useful in our own day as it was in the 16th century. Her husband was accidentally shot by a friend when hunting, and thus was cut short the earthly happiness of this tender and devoted heart. A letter to her from St. Francis says: "You ask me how I wish you to act in an interview with the gentleman who killed your husband. . . . I do not ask you to seek an interview with this poor man, . . . but if such an occasion does present itself, I wish you to keep your heart calm, gracious, and compassionate."

August 22.

But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

MATTHEW x.

My God! with what surpassing love
Thou lovest all on earth,
How good the least good is to Thee,
How much each soul is worth!

FABER.

OAKLAND
FREE
LIBRARY

Hearkeneth these blissful briddes how they sing,
 And seeth the fressche flowers how they spring;
 Full is mine heart of revel and solace. CHAUCER.

That which above all others, yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet; especially the white double violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the musk rose; then the strawberry leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell; then the flower of the vines; it is a little dust like the dust of the bent, which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth; then sweet briar; then wall-flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlor or lower chamber window. BACON.

August 23.

[Charity] rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth. 1 CORINTHIANS xiii.

I trowe that if Envy ywis [certainly]
 Knew the besté man that is,
 On this side or beyond the sea,
 Yet somewhat lacken him would she :
 And if he were so hende ¹ and wise
 That she ne might all abate his prise,
 Yet would she blame his worthinesse
 Or by her wordés make it less. CHAUCER.

The serpent of venomous Envy hath a brood of seven: Ingratitude. He breeds this young one, who doth not acknowledge a benefit, but depreciates it, or altogether forgetteth it. . . .

¹ Courteous.

The second-born is Rancor or odium; that is, Malice or hatred. Whatsoever she doeth who cherisheth this young one in her breast, is displeasing to God. The third of the brood is Grieving at the good of another. The fourth is Being glad of his evil: laughing or scoffing if any misfortune befall him. The fifth is Exposing faults. The sixth is Backbiting. The seventh is Upbraiding or contempt.

ANCREN RIWLE. [MORTON.]

August 24.

But God said to him: Thou fool, this night do they require thy soul of thee; and whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?

LUKE xii.

My ancestors are turned to clay
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I thinke to 'scape alone?
No, no, I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

SOUTHWELL.

And he that happy seems and least in payne,
Yet is as near his end as he that most doth
playne.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Set your affairs in order, and fulfill your public and domestic duties with the justice, moderation and good faith that befit Christians who do not forget that death is inevitable; and that thought will be to you a source of light, consolation and confidence.

FÉNELON.

August 25. St. Louis, 1215-70.

And fear not those that kill the body, and cannot kill the soul : but rather fear him that can destroy both soul and body in hell.

MATTHEW X.

Two-fold praise thou shalt attain
In royal court and battle plain.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

When St. Louis was in captivity, the Saracens dictated to him this oath before concluding the treaty which should set him free ; "that if he failed to fulfill the conditions, he should be held perjured, as a Christian who had denied God, his baptism and his law, and in contempt of God had spit upon the cross and trampled it under foot." "The king," says Joinville, "said he would not take the oath." And when reminded that a refusal would cost, not only his own life, but that of his friends, he said to the lords and prelates about him ; "I love you like my brothers and I love myself too, but, come what will, God forbid that such words should issue from the lips of a King of France." To the Saracen minister he added, "Tell your masters to do their will ; I prefer to die a good Christian rather than live in the wrath of God, his mother and his saints." The Emirs rushed upon him with naked swords, crying, "You are our prisoner, and you act as if we were in irons ; the oath or death." "God has given you my body," replied Louis, "but my soul is in his hands and you cannot touch it." The terms of the oath were altered.

August 26.

And it came to pass as he was at table in the house, behold, many publicans and sinners came, and sat down with Jesus and his disciples. And the Pharisees seeing it, said to his disciples: Why doth your master eat with publicans and sinners? But Jesus hearing it, said: They that are in health need not a physician, but they that are sick. Go then and learn what this meaneth. I will have mercy and not sacrifice. MATTHEW ix.

Wherefore associated He with sinners vile?
Why hides He not his holy self the while?
Askest thou, Pharisee, how this can be?
Because 't is Jesus, not a Pharisee.

R. CRASHAW. [G.]

If the interior be absorbed in God, the whole exterior will show it. It is not in the downcast eye, — for many who keep the eyes cast down, see the most; — but it is in keeping the eyes of the soul close shut to all but God, that recollection consists. . . . I never like you less than when you are trying to be *extra* good.

MOTHER MARGARET MARY HALLAHAN.

August 27.

And looking on, he saw the rich men cast their gifts into the treasure. And he saw also a poor widow casting in two brass mites. And he said: Verily I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all. For all these have of their abundance cast into the offerings of God; but she of her want hath cast in all her living she had.

LUKE xxi.

Two mites, two drops — yet all her house and
land —

Fall from a steady heart though trembling hand :
The other's wanton wealth foams high and
brave.

The other cast away ; she only gave.

R. CRASHAW.

Justice, piety, and every affection of the heroic mind would be willing to adopt the Castilian maxim, that "every man is the son of his own works ;" so that when a man performeth any heroic enterprise, or any virtue, or any extraordinary work, then is he new-born and named the son of his own actions, and so becomes an hidalgo of a "suffycyentè gentyl lynage." KENELM DIGBY.

August 28. St. Augustine.

But to whom less is forgiven, he loveth less.

LUKE vii.

St. Augustine ! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame !

The mighty pyramids of stone,
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

LONGFELLOW.

Thus soul-sick was I, and tormented, accusing myself much more severely than my wont, rolling and turning me in my chain, till that were wholly broken, whereby I now was but just, but still was, held. . . . The very toy of toys . . . still held me ; they plucked my fleshly garment, and whispered softly, “ Dost thou cast us off ? ” . . . But when a deep consideration had from the secret bottom of my soul drawn together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm ; . . . I cast myself down, I know not how, under a certain fig tree, giving full vent to my tears ; and the floods of mine eyes gushed out an acceptable sacrifice to Thee.

CONFESSIONS. ST. AUGUSTINE.

August 29.

Let all that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee : and let such as love thy salvation say always : the Lord be magnified.

PSALM XXXIX.

He finds he has sorrows more deep than his fears,

He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years ;

He grumbles to think he has grumbled away

His home and his children, his life's little day ;

But alas ! 'tis too late ! it is no use to say

That his eyes are too dim, and his hair is too gray ;

He knows he is wretched as wretched can be,

There is no one so wretchedly wretched as he !

THE GRUMBLER'S OLD AGE. DORA READ GOODALE.

What can be more unkind than to communicate our low spirits to others, to go about the world like demons, poisoning the fountains of

joy. . . . Oh, the littleness and meanness of that sickly appetite for sympathy which will not let us keep our tiny liliputian sorrows to ourselves! . . . We hardly know in all this whether to be more disgusted with the meanness, or more indignant at the selfishness, or more sorrowful at the sin.

FABER.

August 30.

Unto the pure all things are pure. TITUS i.

Now, queen of comfort, sith thou art the same
To whom I seeké for my medicine,
Let not mine foe no more mine wound entame,
Mine heal into thine hand all I resign.

CHAUCER.

Love God and then do as you please.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

“A pure heart,” as St. Bernard saith, “doth two things, it maketh thee to do whatever thou doest, either for the love of God only, or for the good or benefit of another.” In all that thou doest, have one of these two intents, or both together, for the latter coincides with the former. Keep thy heart always thus pure, and do all that thou wilt. Have a perverse heart, and everything is evil with thee.

ANCREN RIWLE. [MORTON.]

August 31.

Take hold on instruction, leave it not: keep it because it is thy life.

PROVERBS iv.

It is better to learn the difference between good and bad work, than to do the latter.

JOSEPHINE LEWIS.

It is evil for those children who are more educated by tutors and governesses than by their own parents. A mother who is little with her children is but half a mother ; and how dull, and foolish, and uninteresting, and uninfluent must children grow up, if, as their minds expand, they find the conversation of their parents (as the conversation of unreading persons must be), empty, shallow, gossiping, vapid, and more childish than the children's talk among themselves.

FABER.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. . . . Some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

BACON.

September

September 1.

In the world you shall have distress ; but have confidence ; I have overcome the world.

JOHN xvi.

Great God !
Behold I lie
Beneath thine awful eye
As the sea beneath the sky,
Choose God.
Though days be blue or gold,
Though sorrows new, or old,
Though purple joy be there,
Or gray of old despair,
Give but thyself to me,
And let me be thy sea, —
Thy storms have had their way,
I pray now not to pray.

E. S. PHELPS.

Man, likewise ordained for heaven and for the contempt for this spot of earth, is by his very calamities borne up and carried above the world, yea, into heaven, as an eagle by the strength of his wings ascends above the clouds.

NIEREMBERG. [SIR H. VAUGHAN.]

September 2.

And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.

GENESIS xxii.

Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
 Though it be what thou canst not hope to see ;
 Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
 Forbid the spirit so on earth to be :
 But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
 Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Let us give to God the tribute of a joyous serenity of mind ; anticipating the delights which shall be ours when He reveals to us the secret power of these sacrifices, these holocausts. To the last we hope for the ram, but our Isaac has to die and by our own hand ; the human succession fails, yet God's word fails not, and is fulfilled in a spiritual posterity numerous as the stars of heaven and the sands of the sea.

September 3.

Gentle, kind, steadfast, assured, secure.

WISDOM vii.

One loving houre

For many yeares of sorrow can dispence ;
 A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.

EDMUND SPENSER.

It was observed that in the greatest hurry of business, Brother Lawrence preserved his recollection and heavenly-mindedness. He was never hasty nor loitering, but did each thing in its season, with an even, uninterrupted composure and tranquillity of spirit. "The time of business," said he, "does not with me differ from the time of prayer ; and in the noise and clutter of my kitchen, while several persons are asking for different things at the same moment, I possess God

in as great tranquillity as if I were upon my knees before the Blessed Sacrament."

LIFE OF BROTHER LAWRENCE (17TH CENTURY).

September 4.

Young man, scarcely speak in thy own cause.

ECCLESIASTICUS xxxii.

All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the
pitcher shaped.

BROWNING.

People fed on sugared praises cannot be expected to feel an appetite for the black broth of honest criticism.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Be content if the world makes no account of you. If it values you, cheerfully ridicule it, and laugh at its judgment, and at your misery which it accepts; if it does not value you, comfort yourself cheerfully on the ground that, at least in this instance, the world is in the right. As to your exterior, neither seek nor avoid the appearance of humility.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

September 5.

Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

APOCALYPSE xix.

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.

.

O take fast hold ; let that light be thy guide
 In this small course which birth draws out to
 death,
 And think how ill becometh him to slide,
 Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly
 breath !
 Then farewell, world, thy uttermost I see :
 Eternal Love, maintain Thy life in me.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The more that a soule is united, fastened, con-
 formed and joined to oure Lorde Godd, the more
 stable it is and myghty, the more wise and cleare,
 goode, peaceable, loving, and more virtuous, and
 so it is more perfect.

RICHARD ROLLE.

September 6.

Give not that which is holy to dogs.

MATTHEW vii.

Lord Angelo is precise ;
 Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

While guarding ourselves from the sin of judg-
 ing our neighbor rashly and with severity, we are
 not to resist the guidance of that delicate percep-
 tion, which, like the antennæ of insects, enables
 us to test the quality of a companion without
 going too close. Ought we to trust our own
 interests or those of our friends to men whom
 we instinctively distrust? Surely not, but while
 taking all prudent precautions, we should avoid
 harsh criticism, and remember that motives are
 less easily understood than actions.

September 7.

But be zealous for the better gifts.

1 CORINTHIANS xii.

A review of the past week, a retreat of one hour, if possible on Sunday, is a powerful aid to holiness. Experience shows it; many a soul has thus preserved the strength, light, and peace necessary for each day's, sometimes each hour's combat.

DE RAVIGNAN.

Next him September marched eeke on foote ;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
And him enriched with bounty of the soil :
In his one hand, as fit for harvests toil,
He held a knife-hook ; and in the other hand
A Pair of Weights with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equal gave to each as Justice duly scanned.

EDMUND SPENSER.

In September come grapes ; apples ; poppeys of
all colours ; peaches ; melocotones ; nectarines ;
cornelians ; wardens ; quinces.

BACON.

September 8. Nativity of Our Lady.

They shall be mindful of thy name unto all
generations.

PSALM xliv.

The patriarchs and prophets were the flowers
Which Time by course of ages did distil,
And culled into this little cloud the showers
Whose gracious drops the world with joy shall fill ;
Whose moisture suppléth every soul with grace,
And bringeth life to Adam's dying race.

SOUTHWELL.

When shall it be that Our Lady shall be born in our heart? As for me, I see plainly that I am in nowise worthy of it; and you will say the same of yourself. But her son was born in a manger. Courage, then; let us make ready an abode for this holy infant. She loves only places that are deep with humility, low in simplicity, broad through charity.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

September 9.

Praise the Lord from the earth: . . . Beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl.

PSALM cxlviii.

He took me on his shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how He had missed me;
And I'm sure I heard Him say
As He went along His way,
O silly souls! come near me;
My sheep should never fear me;
I am the Shepherd true.

THE TRUE SHEPHERD. FABER.

Near Greccia a brother brought to St. Francis a live hare caught in a springe. "Come to me, Brother hare," said the saint; "why did you let yourself be caught in the springe?" When the monks set the hare free, it sprang to his arms and hid itself in his breast. And he, clasping it tenderly, charged it not to be caught again in a trap, and then set it on the ground, but hardly could it be separated from him, so winning was his presence.

September 10.

For of sadness cometh death, and it overwhelmeth the strength, and the sorrow of the heart boweth down the neck. ECCLESIASTICUS xxxviii.

The sad companion, dull-eyed Melancholy,
By me so used a guest, as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep) can breed
me quiet. SHAKESPEARE.

There are a number of pious people who greatly injure their freedom as well as their cheerfulness by attaching unquiet feelings to their conscience without cause, and make themselves miseries out of their own fancies. Brooding over their dull or unpleasant sensations, or over little things said about them, they indulge in the art of self torment, and make such a set of discomforts for themselves, that nothing works at ease in them, and they can neither rejoice in God nor be cheerful in themselves. Yet these discomforts may be nothing more than humors in the body, or little irritations in the nerves that are not worth attention, or depression caused by change in the atmosphere, or some obstruction or other in the corporal system, or something of sadness allowed to be engendered from annoyance of no moment.

ULLATHORNE.

September 11.

The joy of a man is length of life.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; . . . but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

SHAKESPEARE.

If any one should take this brooding over himself for self-knowledge, he would be very much mistaken. He is simply making discouragements for himself by looking for them, and so conjuring them up. Self-knowledge is not to be found in our own darkness, but in God's light. There is an immense deal of selfishness in this dull and dreary self-introspection, excepting when we examine ourselves before God and in His light.

ULLATHORNE.

September 12.

To him that shall overcome, I will give to sit with me in my throne ; as I also have overcome, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

APOCALYPSE iii.

Whatever melody most sweetly soundeth
On earth, and to itself most draws the soul,
Would seem a cloud that, rent asunder, thunders,

Compared unto the sounding of that lyre
Wherewith was crowned the sapphire beautiful,
Which gives the clearest heaven its sapphire hue.

.. I am Angelic Love, that circle round

The joy sublime which breathes from out the
womb

That was the hostelry of our Desire ;
And I shall circle, Lady of Heaven, while
Thou followest thy Son, and makest diviner
The sphere supreme, because thou enterest
there."

Thus did the circulated melody
Seal itself up ; and all the other lights
Were making to resound the name of Mary.

DANTE: PARADISE. [LONGFELLOW.]

Check your words, and restrain your thoughts,
as you would wish that they may climb and
mount up toward heaven, and not fall downward
and flit over the world, as doth empty talk.

ANCREN RIWLE.

September 13.

Put you on the armor of God. EPHESIANS vi.

Which you may see now riding all before,
That in their time did many a noble deed,
And for their worthiness full oft have bore
The crown of laurel leavés on their head.

CHAUCER.

And yet my conclusion from the whole must
be, that the nobility of convention, although in
some respects an institution of all ages, has not
necessarily any exclusive connection with chivalry ;
and that where the generous spirit is banished
from it, the admiration and respect of men must
be transferred along with it to the nobility of
nature, in whatever condition of life it may be
found ; to the qualities which carry with them
their own dignity ; to those which belonged to
what our Saxon ancestors called knighthood,

which meant only the kingly state of youth. And who knows in how obscure a rank we may then discover “le plus vaillant écuyer qui oncques en son temps chaussa éperons blancs.”

KENELM DIGBY.

September 14. Holy-Rood Day.

And it was the third hour, and they crucified him.

MARK XV.

The royal banners forward go ;
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

On whose dear arms so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung :
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

HYMN : VEXILLA REGIS. [REV. DR. NEALE.]

We adore thee, O Christ, and we bless thee,
who, by thy holy cross, hast redeemed the world.
We adore thy cross, O Lord. We commemorate
thy glorious passion. Pity us, O thou who didst
suffer for us. Hail, O holy Cross, worthy tree,
whose precious wood bore the treasure of the
world ! Hail, O Cross, who in the body of Christ
wast dedicated, and with his limbs adorned us
with pearls. O Cross, wood triumphant over the
world, true safety, hail ! Among woods none
such, for leaf, flower, bud. O Christian medicine,
heal, heal the sound and the sick. . . . What
human power is unable to do, be done in thy
name.

ANCHEN RIWLE. [MORTON.]

September 15.

But in all these things we overcome, because of him that hath loved us.

ROMANS viii.

I ask'd thy love, the soul's sweet balm,
The bliss of heav'n, the sea's great calm.
Grant, oh, my God, who died'st for me,
I, sinful wretch, may die for thee
Of love's deep wounds.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

It is a blessing to have our purgatory in this world: Nature would avoid it both here and hereafter; but God prepares it for us in this life, and we, by our cowardice, endure two instead of one. Our resistance makes earthly trials so ineffectual, that all has to be begun again after death. We should be in this life like souls in purgatory, supple and at peace in God's hand, yielding ourselves up to destruction in the avenging fire of love. Happy those who suffer thus!

FÉNELON.

September 16.

The light is sweet, and it is delightful for the eyes to see the sun.

ECCLESIASTES xi.

Had every day such skies of blue,
Were men all wise, and women true,
Might youth as calm as manhood be,
And might calm manhood keep its lore
And still be young — and one thing more,
Old earth were fair enough for me.

E. R. SILL.

The fact is, the world is a very bright world, and, all things considered, an extremely satisfac-

tory world, so far as comfort is concerned. The wonder is — nay, the misery is — that it can be so comfortable when it is so sinful. However, the practical fact is that in these days nobody believes the other view. They taste the world, and smack their lips; for it is very sweet. . . . It is the ascetics who are right, and not the moralists. For the ascetics admit the charms of the world, and are timid and nervous about them. . . . They are dismayed by its attractiveness.

FABER.

September 17.

We are of God.

1 JOHN iv.

Ah me, how oft shall morn's pellucid ray
Stir the high heart for the unknown wondrous
way!

How oft shall evening's slant and crimson fire
Immix the earthly and divine desire!

What yearning falls from twilight's shadowy
dome

For the unchanged city and the abiding home!

Yet chieftiest when alone the watcher sees

Thro' the clear void the sparkling Pleiades,

Or marks from the under world Orion bring

His arms all gold, and night encompassing, —

With night's cold scent upon his soul is borne

Firewise a mystic longing and forlorn

To strike one stroke and in a moment know

Those hanging Pleiads why they cluster so; —

Thro' night to God to feel his flight begun,

And see this sun a star, that star a sun.

F. W. H. MYERS.

Our Lorde Godd is an endless being without
changing, all-myghty without failing, sovereign

wisdome, lyghte, soothfastnesse without errour or darknesse ; sovereign goodnesse, love, peace and sweetness.

RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE.

September 18.

As new born infants desire the rational milk without guile ; that thereby you may grow unto salvation.

1 PETER ii.

Noble princesse, that never haddest peer,
 Certes if any comfort in us be,
 That cometh of thee, Christes mother dear,
 We have none other melody nor glee,
 Us to rejoyce in our adversity,
 Nor advocate none, that will so dare and pray,
 For us, and that for as little hire as ye,
 That helpen for an Ave Mary or twey.

CHAUCEUR.

Thus our Lord spareth at first the young and feeble, and draweth them out of this world gently and skilfully. But when he sees them inured to hardships, he lets war arise and be stirred up, and teacheth them to fight and to suffer want. In the end, after long toil, he giveth them sweet rest, here, I say, in this world, before they go to heaven ; and then the rest seemeth so good after the labour ; and the great plenty after the great want seemeth so very sweet.

ANCLEN RIWLE. [MORTON.]

September 19.

The wise man will seek out the wisdom of all the ancients. . . . He will keep the sayings of renowned men.

ECCLESIASTES xxxix.

The Present moves attended
 With all of brave and excellent and fair
 That made the old time splendid.

LOWELL.

But why should enthusiasm have gone out? Why should the young have no heroes? . . . George Washington is mentioned, — what extinguishable laughter follows! — the cherry-tree, the little hatchet! What novel wit that name suggests! One must laugh, it is so funny! And then the scriptural personages! The paragraphers have made Job so very amusing; and Joseph and Daniel! how stupid people must be who do not roar with laughter at the mere mention of those august names! Cannot this odious, brutal laughter, which is not manly or womanly, be stopped? . . . How funny death has become! . . . These jokes are in the same taste that would put the hair of a skeleton in curl papers. Still we laugh.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

September 20.

Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

MATTHEW V.

Till now thy soul has been
 All glad and gay;
 Bid it awake and look
 At grief to-day.

No shade has come between
 Thee and the sun;
 Like some long childish dream
 Thy life has run.

But now the stream has reached
 A dark, deep sea,
 And Sorrow, dim and crowned,
 Is waiting thee.

Each of God's soldiers bears
 A sword divine :
 Stretch out thy trembling hands
 To-day for thine.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols ; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon.

BACON.

September 21. St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist.

At that time Jesus saw a man, named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom ; and He saith unto him : Follow me.

MATTHEW ix.

Salt of nations ! Twelve Foundations !
 Twelve Apostles — see them all !
 Trumps of Thunder, and the wonder
 Of the Gentiles, Holy Paul —
 Loving Peter, and still sweeter,
 Friend of Jesus — Blessed John —
 Full of gladness — no more sadness
 Clouds the face Christ shines upon !

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.

Consider with how great calmness Matthew giveth the names of the three most honoured disciples. [On Mt. Tabor.] This trait also John often showeth, where he doth most truly and carefully write the praises of Peter. In the fellowship of the apostles jealousy and vanity had no place.

BREVARY.

September 22.

They will put you out of the synagogue : yea, the hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you, will think that he doeth a service to God. JOHN XVI.

He vouchesafe, tell Him, as was His will,
Become a man as for our alliance,
And with His blood He wrote that blissful bill
Upon the cross, as general acquittance
To every penitent in full creance :¹
And therefore, lady bright, thou for us pray,
Then shalt thou stent all His grievance,
And make our foe to failen of his prey.

CHAUCER.

We cannot, without labor, build a little cottage ; nor get a pair of shoes with thongs without paying for them ! Either we, who think that we may buy everlasting joy for a mere trifle, are fools, or the blessed saints are, who bought it so dear.

ANCREN RIWLE.

September 23.

To speak the first word with careful knowledge, and hinder not music. ECCLESIASTICUS xxxii.

¹ Faith.

Now, who shall arbitrate ?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive ;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me : we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that ; whom shall my soul
believe ?

BROWNING.

We are tethered to our kind, and may as well join hands in the struggle. AGNES REPPLIER.

Half of the world seem to be made of nerves, and half are obliged not to have nerves, so as to take care of those who have. F.

The tolerance of faultless courtesy closely imitates unselfishness. Breathe into it the life of charity, and you shall make converts. Christians are sometimes ungracious, and pagans altogether too pleasant.

September 24. Our Lady of Ransom.

My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. LUKE i.

I saw that gentle army, meek and pale,
Silently gazing upward with a mien
As of expectancy, and from on high
Beheld two angels with two swords descend
Which flamed with fire, but, as I could descry,
They bare no points, being broken at the end.
Green robes, in hue more delicate than spring's
Tender new leaves, they trailed behind and
fanned
With gentle beating of their verdant wings.
One, coming near, just over us took stand,

Down to th' opponent bank the other sped,
 So that the spirits were between them grouped.
 Full well could I discern each flaxen head ;
 But in their faces mine eyes' virtue drooped,
 As 't were confounded by excess and dead.

"From Mary's bosom they have both come
 here" —

Sordello said — "this valley to protect
 Against the serpent that will soon appear."

DANTE: PURGATORY. [PARSONS.]

More blessed was Mary in receiving Christ's
 faith, than in receiving Christ's flesh.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

September 25.

Death is swallowed up in victory. 1 COR. XV.

Sing, my Lilies, and sing, my Roses,
 With never a dream that the summer closes ;
 But the trees are old, and I fancy they tell,
 Each unto each, how the summer flies :
 They remember the last year's wintry skies ;
 But that summer returns the trees know well.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Oh, grave and pleasant cheer of death ! How
 it softens our hearts, and without pain kills the
 spirit of the world within our hearts ! It draws
 us towards God, filling us with strength, and ban-
 ishing our fears, and sanctifying us by the pathos
 of its sweetness. When we are weary, and
 hemmed in by life, close and hot and crowded,
 when we are in strife and dissatisfied, we have
 only to look out in our imagination over wood
 and hill, and sunny earth, and star-lit mountains,
 and the broad seas whose blue waters are jeweled

with bright islands, and rest ourselves on the sweet thought of the diligent, ubiquitous benignity of death!

FABER.

September 26.

My soul is sorrowful even unto death.

MARK xiv.

My grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up : here I and Sorrow sit ;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

SHAKESPEARE.

If it sometimes happened that he (the survivor) half turned away his face in anger from some of those who persecuted him, he was inwardly rebuked for it, and it was said to him : — Remember that I, thy Lord, turned not away My beautiful face from those who spat upon Me. Then he would bitterly repent of what he had done, and turn himself to them again very lovingly.

BLESSED HENRY SUSO.

September 27.

For he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and is a rewarder to them that seek him.

HEBREWS ix.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson — no lesson
can braver be —
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the
other side of the sea.
Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study
it with care,
The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes
are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient,
plodding weaver,
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works
for the right side ever.
It is only when the weaving stops and the web
is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork — that his mar-
velous skill is learned.

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

But the majority never know what their vocation is, because God does not intend them to know it. . . . They even fulfill their vocation and do not know that they have done so.

FABER.

September 28.

And when the prince of pastors shall appear,
you shall receive a never-fading crown of glory.

1 PETER V.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down
from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving alway, till the mystic
web is done ;
Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for
himself his fate ;
We may not see how the right side looks, we can
only weave and wait.
But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver
need have fear,
Only let him look clear into heaven — the Per-
fect pattern is there.
If he keeps the face of our Saviour, forever and
always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving
is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web is
turned and shown,

God for his wage shall give him not coin, but a
golden crown. THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

Thus we may be tranquil and courageous in
our ignorance. FABER.

September 29. Michaelmas Day.

And there was a great battle in heaven, Michael and his angels fought with the dragon.

APOCALYPSE xii.

Zealot of Jesus ! from thy sword
Fling drops of gleamy fire,
To make our worship of the Word
More keenly burn and higher.

O Trumpet-tongued ! O Beautiful !
O Force of the Most High !
The blessed of the earth look dull
Beside thy Majesty.

FABER.

O Lord God Almighty, Creator and Ruler of all creatures, I beseech thee by thy great mercy, and by the sign of the holy cross, and by the virginity of Saint Mary, and by the obedience of St, Michael, and by the love of all thy saints and their merits ; that thou wouldst direct me better than I have done towards thee ; . . . and teach me to do thy will, that I may inwardly love thee before all things with pure mind and with pure body ; for thou art my Creator and my Redeemer, my Help, my Comfort, my Trust and

my Hope. To thee be praise and glory now and forever, world without end. Amen.

PRAYER OF KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

September 30. St. Jerome.

He that is wise will seek out the wisdom of all the ancient, and be occupied in prophecies.

ECCLESIASTICUS xxxix.

If the chosen soul could never be alone
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
No greatness ever had been dreamed or done ;
Among dull hearts a prophet never grew ;
The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.

LOWELL.

St. Jerome withdrew himself into the wild deserts of Syria, where he passed four years in studying the Holy Scriptures, leading a life of severe self-denial. He went to Rome and helped Pope Damasus in writing his letters upon Church affairs. But the longing for his old solitude drove him back to Palestine, where, beside the cradle of the Lord Christ, he lived and died in a monastery built by the Lady Paula of Rome. He translated the Old Testament from Hebrew into Latin, and, at the command of Damasus, reformed, according to the original Greek, the existing version of the New.

AFTER THE BREVIARY.

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October

October 1.

O ALL ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord ;
praise Him, and exalt Him above all forever.

DANIEL iii.

I heard the wild beasts in the woods complain ;
Some slept, while others wakened to sustain
Through night and day the sad monotonous round,
Half savage and half pitiful the sound.

The winds can never sing but they must wail ;
Waters lift up sad voices in the vale ;
One mountain-hollow to another calls
With broken cries of plaining waterfalls.

The sea, unmated creature, tired and lone,
Makes on its desolate sands eternal moan :
Lakes on the calmest days are ever throbbing
Upon their pebbly shores with petulant sobbing.

Oh, it is well for us : with angry glance
Life glares at us, or looks at us askance ;
Seek where we will, — Father ! we see it now, —
None love us, trust us, welcome us, but Thou !

FABER.

How are you with me, knowing, as you do, how
I love you ? Your heavenly Father is more
fatherly, compassionate, kind, loving than I am.
My love for you is only a feeble stream from his.
Mine is borrowed from his heart, one drop from
that inexhaustible fount of goodness.

LETTER FROM FÉNELON TO HIS GRANDNEPHEW.

October 2. Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels.

Behold, I send mine Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. Beware of him, and obey his voice, and think not lightly of him.

EXODUS xxiii.

Ah me! how lovely they must be
 Whom God has glorified;
 Yet one of them, O sweetest thought!
 Is ever at my side.

FABER.

Decked like an altar before them, there stood the
 green earth, and above it
 Heaven opened itself as of old before Stephen;
 they saw there
 Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right
 hand the Redeemer.
 Under them hear they the clang of harp strings,
 and angels from golden clouds
 Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their
 pinions of purple.

TEGNÉR. [LONGFELLOW.]

With such guardians, whereof shall we be
 afraid? They that keep us in all our ways can
 neither be conquered nor corrupted, far less can
 they corrupt. They are trusty, they are wary,
 they are mighty. Whereof shall we be afraid?

ST. BERNARD.

October 3.

And yet I am not alone, because the Father is
 with me.

JOHN xvi.

When mirth is full and free,
 Some sudden gloom shall be;
 When haughty power mounts high,
 The Watcher's axe is nigh.
 All growth has bound; when greatest found,
 It hastes to die.

And when thine eye surveys,
 With fond adoring gaze,
 And yearning heart, thy friend —
 Love to its grave doth tend.
 All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
 Towards an end. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

When the sun in the serene heavens brightest shines, then become dark all the stars, because their brightness is no brightness by reason of her. When the south-west wind gently blows, then grow very quickly field flowers; but when stark wind cometh from the north-east, then does it very soon destroy the rose's beauty. So oftentimes the north wind's tempest stirs the too tranquil sea. Alas! that there is nothing of fast-standing work ever remaining in the world.

KING ALFRED'S BOËTHIUS.

October 4. St. Francis of Assisi.

Be you, therefore, perfect, as also your heavenly Father is perfect.

MATTHEW V.

At last, the golden oriental gate
 Of greatest heaven gan to open fair;
 And Phœbus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
 Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy hair,
 And hurled his glistening beams through gloomy
 air.

EDMUND SPENSER.

To be a genuine Catholic is to possess candor pure as light, charity like sunshine, liberty unlimited as the will of God. The saint of to-day grew to such a likeness of his Creator that not only men, but animals turned to him as a father and protector. Think of that prayer of his: "What I am in thy sight, O God, that am I and no more." Through the abjection of his self-abasement, there shines the majesty of an archangel. What can stir to fear, self-love, or deceit, the man whose actions are to be gauged by God alone!

October 5.

Open thy mouth for the dumb, and for the causes of all the children that pass.

PROVERBS xxxi.

The busy larke, messenger of daye,
Saluteth in her song the morning graye;
And fiery Phebus ryseth up so brighte,
That all the orient laugheth of the lighte,
And with his stremes dryeth in the greves
The silver drops, hanging on the leeves.

CHAUCER.

It was amid the savage crags of Einsiedelin, and the eternal snows of Engelberg, . . . in the peaceful valley of Melrose, and amid wild northern scenes, those of Norway's wastes . . . that I first indulged in the hope that the pleasures of imagination might conduce to more permanent and perfect enjoyment; that to youthful, and generous, and romantic minds, there would be no distance between observing and loving the spirit and the institutions which belonged to the religion of the Christian chivalry. . . . Chivalry gave to God the first hour of the day, and the first season

of human life, — the freshness of the morning,
and the flower of youth.

KENELM DIGBY.

October 6.

I am delighted with the law of God according
to the inward man.

ROMANS vii.

I rise and raise my clasped hands to Thee !
Henceforth, the darkness hath no part in me,
Thy sacrifice this day ;
Abiding firm, and with a freeman's might
Stemming the waves of passion in the fight ;
Ah, should I from Thee stray,
My hoary head, thy table where I bow,
Will be my shame, which are mine honor now ;
Thus I set out ; Lord, lead me on my way.

MORNING. FROM ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

[CARDINAL NEWMAN.]

Let thought go before speech, not speech before thought. This is an admirable discipline of patience. For that small member the tongue, full of nerve and sensibility, is rooted close to the brain, the magazine of our animal sensibilities, fancies and passions, and is as touchy and inflammable as a magazine of powder. . . . It is by the patience of recollection that the will restrains those blind, vicious, and silly emotions that become acts through the ready pliancy of the tongue.

ULLATHORNE.

October 7.

But I see another law in my members, fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin, that is in my members.

ROMANS vii.

O Holiest Truth ! how have I lied to Thee !
I vow'd this day thy sacrifice to be ;

But I am dim ere night.

Surely I made my prayer, and I did deem
That I could keep in me thy morning beam,
Immaculate and bright.

But my foot slipp'd ; and as I lay, he came,
My gloomy foe, and robb'd me of heaven's flame.
Help Thou my darkness, Lord, till I am light.

EVENING. FROM ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

[CARDINAL NEWMAN.]

Quick are the motions of fancy and sensibility, quick through the electric sympathy awakened by the tolling of other tongues, and rapidly they find expression, making revelations of the vanities within. Where the soul is undisciplined by watchful patience, the mind in conversation is thrown off its guard ; the emotions, that start before reason or judgment, get the ascendancy, and the will becomes involved in vanities, irascibilities, detractions, and scandals.

ULLATHORNE.

October 8.

Praise the Lord from the earth ; . . . mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars.

PSALM cxlviii.

Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,

The sayling pine ; the cedar proud and tall ;
The vine-propp elme ; the poplar never dry ;

The builder oak, sole king of forests all ;
The aspine good for staves ; the cypress funerall ;
The laurel, meed of mightie conquerors

And poets sage ; the fir that weepeth still ;

The myrh sweet bleeding in the bitter wound;

The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;

The fruitfull olive; and the platane round;

The carver holme; the maple seldom inward
sound. EDMUND SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER.

“Believe me, upon my own experience,” said St. Bernard to those whom he invited into his Order, “you will find more in woods than in books; the forests and rocks will teach you what you cannot learn of the greatest masters.”

KENELM DIGBY.

October 9.

For such as bless Him shall inherit the earth.

PSALM xxxvi.

And now I can recall the time gone by,

The pure fresh sky,

The smell of rainy fields in early spring,

The song of thrushes, and the glimmering

Of rain-drenched leaves by sudden sun made
bright,

The tender light

Of peaceful evening, and the saintly night.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

But the peace-loving God regulates and adapts all creatures when they exist together. . . . The earth brings yearly every fruit, and every production; and the hot summer dries and prepares seeds and fruits; and the fruitful harvest brings ripe corn. Hails, and snows, and frequent rain moisten the earth in winter. Hence the earth receives the seed, and causes it to grow in spring. But the Creator of all things nourishes in the earth all growing fruits, and produces them all;

and hides when he will, and shews when he will,
and takes away when he will.

KING ALFRED'S BOËTHIUS.

October 10. St. Francis Borgia, 1510-1572.

He seeth from eternity to eternity, and nothing
is wonderful before Him.

ECCLESIASTICUS xxxix.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled
shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,

Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,

And Time, that gave, doth now his gift con-
found.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,

And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,

And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

SHAKESPEARE.

Francis Borgia, fourth Duke of Gandia, was noted for his pure and noble character at the court of Charles V. On the death of the Empress Isabella, he, as her master of the horse, attended her body to Granada, its place of burial. The coffin was opened, that he might swear to the identity of the Empress, and the change wrought in the beautiful form so moved him that he vowed to serve the King of kings only. Twelve years later, after his wife's death, he entered the Company of Jesus.

October 11.

And if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee.

MATTHEW xviii.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2nd Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

There is hardly a man or woman in the world who has not got some corner of self into which he or she fears to venture with a light. . . . If we enter that sanctuary, some charm of easy devotion or smooth living will be broken. We shall find ourselves face to face with something unpleasant, something which will constrain us to all the trouble and annoyance of a complete interior revolution, or else leave us very uncomfortable in conscience. . . . But do we think that God cannot enter there, except by our unlocking the door, or see anything when He is there, unless we hold Him a light?

SELF-DECEIT. FABER.

October 12.

And if one member suffer anything, all the members suffer with it; and if one member glory, all the members rejoice with it. 1 COR. xii.

No matter whether (some there be that say)
Or goe to Church, or stay at home, if pray :
Smith's dainty sermons have, in plenty, stor'd
me

With better stuffe than Pulpits can afford me :

Tell me, why pray'st thou? Heav'n commanded
so :

Art not commanded to his Temples go?
Small store of manners! When thy Prince bids
Come,

And feast at Court; to say, *I've meat at home.*

FRANCIS QUARLES.

When this religious hero [Tancred] first caught sight of Jerusalem from an eminence, he knelt with bare knees upon the earth, lifting his heart to Heaven, the image of which he seemed to see. Then he left his soldiers, and, ascending the Mount of Olives alone, he looked again upon the holy city; upon the vast dome of the temple and its porches like another city; but oftener turned his eyes towards Calvary and the Church of our Lord's Sepulchre; more distant indeed, yet to his eager thought attainable.

GESTA TANCREDI.

October 13. St. Edward the Confessor.

How can you believe who receive glory one from another: and the glory which is from God alone, you do not seek?

JOHN V.

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

SHAKESPEARE.

Edward the Confessor was a burning and a shining light for love of God and the things of God, very gentle-hearted, and quite free from

any lust for power. Of him the saying is preserved, that he would liefer not be a king than win a kingdom through slaughter and blood.

BREVIARY.

October 14.

Your riches are corrupted and your garments are motheaten.

ST. JAMES V.

“Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, — Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.”

VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL. LOWELL.

When Bishop Aidan¹ gave to a needy man the fine horse, with kingly trappings, given to him for his own use by Oswy, king of the Deiri, the king said, as they went to dinner, “Why wouldst thou, sir bishop, give the needy man the kingly horse, which it became thee to have as thy own. But had not we many another uncomelier horse, and of another kind, which we might bestow as a gift to the needy, though thou gave them not the horse which I chose especially for thy possession?” Then the bishop quickly answered him and said, “What sayest thou, King? Is the son of a mare dearer to thee than the child of God?” Then the bishop took his seat at the table, and the king stood and warmed himself by the fire, for he had been hunting. Then suddenly he ungirt his sword, and fell at the bishop’s feet, and prayed that he would be blithe to him, and said, “Never over this will I speak more, or deem what thou give or how much of our fee thou give to God’s children.” Then was the bishop very blithe to the king, and began to weep with bright tears.

AFTER KING ALFRED’S BEDE.

¹ Aidan died about A. D. 651.

October 15. Saint Teresa, 1515-1582.

But God forbid that I should glory, save in
the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. GALATIANS VI.

Toil on, then, Greatness ! thou art in the right,
However narrow souls may call thee wrong ;
Be as thou wouldst be in thine own clear sight,
And so thou shalt be in the world's ere long ;
For worldings cannot, struggle as they may,
From man's great soul one great thought hide
away. LOWELL.

Saint Teresa reëstablished, first for women and then for men, the observance of the strict rule of the old Carmelites. She was a woman of excellent common sense, of tender and sensitive organization, and of a sublime genius. Her writings are poetic, amusing, and fascinating, while they lead the soul to the very mountain tops of the spiritual life. She founded in Spain thirty-two convents, in spite of opposition and poverty. "Teresa and one *sou*," she said, "are not much, but Teresa with her one *sou* and God is everything."

October 16.

And thou gavest him length of days for ever
and ever. PSALM XX.

With gradual gleam the day was dawning,
Some lingering stars were seen,
When swung the garden-gate behind us, —
He fifty, I fifteen.

The high-topped chaise and old gray pony
 Stood waiting in the lane ;
 Idly my father swayed the whip-lash,
 Lightly he held the rein.

O'er hills and low, romantic valleys,
 And flowery by-roads through,
 I sang my simplest songs, familiar,
 That he might sing them too.

As on my couch in languor, lonely,
 I weave beguiling rhyme,
 Comes back with strangely sweet remembrance
 That far-removèd time.

The slow-paced years have brought sad changes
 That morn and this between :
 And now, on earth, my years are fifty,
 And his, in heaven, fifteen. MRS. A. M. WELLS.

God in his goodness mingles purgatory with
 every day of our life. Let us accept, let us clasp
 to our breast the cross He offers to us.

DE RAVIGNAN.

October 17.

Believe you not that I am in the Father and
 the Father in me ?

JOHN xiv.

Fear not, but gaze — for freemen mightier grow,
 And slaves more feeble, gazing on their foe.

SHELLEY.

It is as if He said, "Let not your heart be
 troubled, although when I send you forth as
 sheep in the midst of wolves I bid you be harm-

less as doves. For albeit if I would, I could make things otherwise and not suffer you to bear anything grievous, nor be at the mercy of wolves as are other sheep, but could on the contrary make you more dreadful to the lions than the lions to you ; nevertheless, must it needs be, and it will make yourselves more glorious, and will wholly show forth my power." Thus afterwards did the same Lord say to Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

October 18.

Take up my yoke upon you, and learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart : and you shall find rest to your souls. For my yoke is sweet and my burden light.

MATTHEW xi.

I clip high-clyming thoughtes :

The winges of swelling pride ;

Their fall is worst that from the height

Of greatest honours slide.

SOUTHWELL.

There is much self-denial in restraining our disposition to do all we feel prompted to do. It may be a very great act of patience to leave undone what we would like to see done at once. It may be a very great act of humility to suffer those about us to see that we are as weak as others in the flesh. The valor of the valiant woman without her prudence is not wisdom. Love for the order, love for the community, love for the poor, — well, that is best shown by keeping oneself able, not by disabling oneself.

ULLATHORNE.

October 19.

Just and true are thy ways, O King of ages.

APOCALYPSE xv.

One food the best for all
Is to feed on the great God's mind, and draw
An immense light from the bright Trinity.

ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN. [VAUGHAN.]

For things immortal man was made,
. . . His portion this — sublime
To stand where access none hath space or time,
Above the starry host, the cherub band
To stand — to advance — and after all to stand.

AUBREY DE VERE.

He that suffers willingly, suffers not, even that
which is necessary to be suffered. . . . The lesser
the soule minds the body, the lesser she adheres
to sensibility, shee is by so much the more ca-
pable of divinity, and her own nature.

NIEREMBERG. [VAUGHAN.]

October 20.

For they whet their tongue like a sword ; they
bend their bow, even bitter words, that they may
shoot in secret at the perfect.

PSALM lxiii.

Know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness ; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing hath faculties
Which he has never used ; that thought with him
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one
The least of Nature's works, one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever.

WORDSWORTH.

Phocylides said, that a good man must expect to be often deceived; and Plutarch adds, "That moreover he must make up his mind to be often laughed at, and to bear reproach and calumny." It is curious to observe the scorn and insult with which the sophist Hippias speaks to Socrates.

KENELM DIGBY.

October 21.

Moses said: I beseech thee, Lord, I am not eloquent from yesterday and the day before: and since thou hast spoken to thy servant, I have more impediment and slowness of speech.

EXODUS iv.

What shall Cordelia speak?

Love, and be silent.

KING LEAR.

Overfulness as often produces silence as does a want of thought and feeling.

E. L. FOLLEN.

Keep thy feelings within thee both in weal and woe; for a man who does this loves more in one year than one who lets his feelings break out loves in three.

BLESSED HENRY SUSO.

Grief boundeth where it falls, not with the empty hollowness, but weight.

KING RICHARD II.

October 22.

But in all things let us exhibit ourselves as the ministers of God; in much patience, in tribulations, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in prisons, in seditions, in labours, in watchings, in fastings.

2 CORINTHIANS vi.

Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to fight ;
 And fight and die, is death destroying death ;
 When fearing dying pays death servile breath.

KING RICHARD II.

When Stratonicus saw an unskilful fellow shooting at *buts*, he got presently close to the white, as the only place free from danger : and being asked his reason for that unusual refuge, he answered ; Least that fellow should hit me. Fortune — we say — is blind ; stand then in her way. She hits that the least which she most aimes at ; but if all her shafts should fall upon thee, they can draw no blood from thee, as long as thou art not drawn by covetousness. . . . Our own covetousness is Fortune's edged tools.

NIEREMBERG. [VAUGHAN.]

October 23.

And being in an agony He prayed the longer.

LUKE xxii.

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
 And He that might the vantage best have took
 Found out the remedy. How would you be,
 If He, which is the top of judgment, should
 But judge you as you are ? O, think on that ;
 And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
 Like man new-made.

SHAKESPEARE.

Never think it is too late to touch a soul. One more prayer, one more appeal, tender and strong too, one more sacrifice offered in silence, may prove to be the trumpet blast that shall level the walls of Jericho.

I never will despair of the salvation of any soul. It may have forgotten God, or fallen in the way, or even have wished to write the warrant of its own condemnation ; but God be praised ! no soul can be happy in trying to escape from Him.

DE RAVIGNAN.

October 24.

But what went you out to see ? A man clothed in soft garments ? Behold, they that are clothed in soft garments are in the houses of kings. But what went you out to see ? A prophet ? yea, I tell you, and more than a prophet. MATTHEW xi.

In Aman's pompe poore Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turne his fate upon his foe ;
The lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
Yett he to heaven, to hell did Dives goe.

SOUTHWELL.

The highest nobility is natural or divine, and may belong to him who walks barefooted in rags ; but he who is without it, though clad in purple and gold, remains base and ignoble.

BARTHOLOMEW ARNIGIO (1523-1577).

The Emperor Sigismund replied to a favorite who begged that he would ennoble him, " I can give you privileges and fiefs ; but I cannot make you noble."

KENELM DIGBY.

October 25.

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth.
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy
glory.

HYMN. TE DEUM.

Dim woods of crimsoned beech

That swathe the hills in sacerdotal stoles,
Burn on! burn on! the year ere long will reach

That day made holy to departed souls,
The day whereon man's heart, itself a priest,

Descending to that empire pale wherein

Beauty and sorrow dwell, but pure from sin,
Holds with God's Church at once its fast and
feast.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Would you see God? Look at these exquisite flowers, at those waves curling on the current of rivers. Breathe the gentle western winds that bring health and comfort on their wings. Vast seas, wide plains, snow-capped mountains, all that we see, all that we hear, speak to us unceasingly of our Father's love.

CAUSSIN (D. 1651).

October 26.

And the city needeth not sun nor moon to shine in it; for the glory of God hath enlightened it; and the Lamb is the lamp thereof.

APOCALYPSE xxi.

The eyes beloved and revered of God,
Fastened upon the speaker, showed to us
How grateful unto her are prayers devout;
Then unto the Eternal Light they turned,
On which it is not credible could be
By any creature bent an eye so clear.

DANTE : PARADISE. [LONGFELLOW.]

According to what has now been said, my dear sisters, see that your dear faces be always turned to each other with kind affection, a cheerful countenance, and gentle courtesy; that ye be always with unity of heart, and of one will, united

together, as it is written, of our Lord's beloved disciples : " The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul." ANCREN RIWLE.

October 27.

And thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them who do such things, and dost the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God ?

ROMANS ii.

Go to your bosom ;
Knock there ; and ask your heart what it doth
know

That 's like my brother's fault ; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

In nothing can you be more true to God and act more like Him than in what you do for a cast-away sinner and an overburdened heart. . . . Cast aside all human shame, and spring into the deep gulf to her and lift her up.

BLESSED HENRY SUSO.

We know too much : scroll after scroll
Weighs down our weary shelves :
Our only point of ignorance
Is centred in ourselves. L. E. L.

October 28. Holy Apostles Simon and Jude.

If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. JOHN xv.

High Procession ! Great Confession !
Hear the loud triumphal tones —

Martyrs bleeding — Stephen leading
 With his crown of precious stones.
 Warriors glorious and victorious,
 Tried companions of their Lord,
 Fall before Him and adore Him,
 He, the Lamb, is their reward !

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.

O man, help thyself ; otherwise neither God
 nor I will ever help thee.

ST. ANTONY.

To be worsted is to gain the victory in the estimation of God's friends.

BLESSED HENRY SUSO.

The two Apostles met in Persia, where they begat countless children in Jesus Christ, and in the end glorified his name by a martyr's death.

October 29.

And behold there was a throne set in heaven, and upon the throne one sitting. And he that sat was to the sight like the jasper and the sardine-stone : and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.

APOCALYPSE iv.

Unfathomable Sea !
 All life is out of Thee,
 And thy life is thy blissful unity.

We from thy oneness come,
 Beyond it cannot roam,
 And in thy oneness find our one eternal home.

FABER.

Power, and abundance, and glory, and dignity, and bliss. These five things when they are all collected together, then that is God. For all the

five no human being can fully have while he is in this world. But when these five things, as we before said, are all collected together, then is it all one thing, and that one thing is God; and he is single and undivided, though they before were in many, separately named.

KING ALFRED'S BOËTHIUS.

October 30.

And the peace of God which surpasseth all understanding keep your hearts and minds in Jesus Christ.

PHILIPPIANS iv.

Unquiet Childhood here by special grace
Forgets her nature, opening like a flower
That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power
In painful struggles.

• • • • •
Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek
That one enrapt with gazing on her face,

• • • • •
Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,
The Virgin, as she shone with kindred light;
A nursling couched upon her mother's knee,
Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.

WORDSWORTH.

You say truly that you have two selves within you. One which is rather tender and ready to fret if it is but touched. That self is the daughter of Eve, and therefore ill-humoured. The other self has a very good will to be all for God, simply humble, and sweet in all humility towards the whole world. This self is the daughter of the glorious Virgin Mary, and is of a good temperament.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

October 31.

Know you not that you are the temple of God,
and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

1 CORINTHIANS iii.

O God from God, and Light from Light,
Who art thyself the day,
Our chants shall break the clouds of night;
Be with us while we pray.

Chase Thou the gloom that haunts the mind,
The thronging shades of hell,
The sloth and drowsiness that bind
The senses with a spell.

Lord, to their sins indulgent be,
Who in this hour forlorn,
By faith in what they do not see,
With songs prevent the morn.

HYMN: MATINS. [CARDINAL NEWMAN.]

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility;
for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his
body; and, if he be not of kin to God by his
spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. BACON.

November

November 1. All-Hallowmas.

AND I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures and the elders, and the number of them was thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice: Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

Apocalypse iv.

No dream is this: Beyond that radiance golden
God's sons I see, his armies bright and strong,
The ensanguined martyrs now with palms high
holden,

The virgins there, a lily-lifting throng!
The splendors nearer draw. In choral blending
The prophets and the apostles' chant I hear;
I see the Salem of the just descending
With gates of pearl and diamond bastions sheer.
The walls are agate and chalcedony:

On jacinth street and jasper parapet
The unwaning light is light of Deity,
Not beam of lessening moon or suns that set.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Dearly beloved brethren: this day we keep, with one great cry of joy, a feast in memory of all God's holy children; his children, whose presence is a gladness to Heaven; his children, whose prayers are a blessing to earth; his children, whose victories are the crown of the Holy Church; his chosen, whose testifying is the more

glorious in honour, as the agony in which it was given was the sterner in intensity, for as the dreader grew the battle, so the grander grew the fighters, and the triumph of martyrdom waxed the more incisive by the multiplicity of suffering, and the heavier the torment the heavier the prize.

VENERABLE BEDE (673-735).

November 2. All Souls' Day.

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord! Lord, hear my voice.

Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication.

If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

PSALM cxxix.

I gave my soul back weeping ere it fled
To Him who pardoneth of his own free will.
My sins were horrible: but large embrace
Infinite Goodness hath, whose arms will open
For every child who turneth back to grace.

DANTE: PURGATORY. [T. W. PARSONS.]

This day is sacred to departed souls;
This day the dead alone are great; and we
Who live, or seem to live, but live to plead
For the departed myriads at their need.

AUBREY DE VERE.

“Lay,” she saith, “this body anywhere; let not the care for that in any way disquiet you: this only I request, that you would remember me at the Lord’s altar, wherever you be.”

DEATH OF ST. MONICA. CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

November 3.

Blessed are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are the meek : for they shall possess the land.

Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.

ST. MATTHEW V.

Hail, poor estate ! Through thee man's race
Partake, by rules controlled,
The praise of them discalced who pace,
And them that kneel white-stoled ;
Where thou hast honors due, hard by
Obedience stands and chastity.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Concerning that city it is written in a certain place : "Sorrow and mourning shall flee away." What can be more blessed than that life wherein poverty will not threaten nor sickness weaken ? There, there will be no hurts and no angering. There, there will be no envying ; there will burn no covetousness ; no ambition of honor nor seeking of power will give trouble, there. There, the devil will be no more an object of fear ; there, no evil spirits lie in wait ; the dread of hell will be gone, there. There, there will be no death either for the body or the soul, but life glorious in the gift of immortality.

VENERABLE BEDE.

I do not tell you to forget hell. . . . But for once you think of hell, think ten times of the bright heaven which your Father has prepared for you.

FABER.

November 4. St. Charles Borromeo.

The Lord hath chosen him for a priest unto himself.

ECCLESIASTES xlv.

His pleading sets the sinner free,
He soothes the sick, he lifts the low,
Powerful in word, deep teacher, he,
To quell the foe.

CHRISTE PASTORUM. [CARDINAL NEWMAN.]

St. Charles Borromeo died in the year of our Lord 1584, aged forty-six years, but having lived a century in good works and in the influence he exercised over his contemporaries. He was in every sense of the word a great man, as a reformer, as a ruler, a tender lover of mankind, and a man wise in weighing the relative value of those things which make up the sum of life. We all remember his game of chess, in the midst of which some one said, "Your Eminence, if you were told that you were about to die what should you do?" "I should finish this game of chess," said St. Charles; "I began it for the glory of God, and I should end it with the same intention."

November 5.

And he came and took the book out of the right hand of Him that sat upon the throne. And when He had opened the book the four living creatures and four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints.

APOCALYPSE v.

What are these that glow from afar,
 These that lean over the golden bar,
 Strong as the lion, pure as the dove,
 With open arms and hearts of love?
 They the blessed ones gone before,
 They the blessed forevermore.
 Out of great tribulation they went
 Home to their home of Heaven — content;
 Through flood, or blood, or furnace-fire,
 To the rest that fulfills desire.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

We reckon Paradise to be our home; already we begin to have the patriarchs for our kinsmen. Why should we not make haste and run, to see our home and to greet our kinsfolk? There are a great many of those we love waiting for us there — father, and mother, and brothers, and children, there in great company they await us, they who are sure now never to die any more, but not yet sure of us. Oh, when we come to see them and to embrace them, what gladness will it be both for us and for them!

ST. CYPRIAN: BISHOP OF CARTHAGE (D. 258).

November 6.

I am weary of my crying, my throat is dried:
 mine eyes fail, while I wait for my God. . . . I
 am in trouble, hear me speedily. PSALM lxi.

The slender leaves of the acacia-trees
 Hung parched and quivering in the desert breeze.

Straight westward, as a starving rook might fly,
 One pyramid's dark apex cut the sky;

While sharp against the sapphire east were set
Resplendent dome and soaring minaret.

Beside the way, upon his prayer-mat prone,
A turbaned suppliant made his plaint alone.

The hot sun smote upon his humbled head ;
“ *Allah, have pity !* ” — this was all he said.

His faltering tongue forgot the accustomed art,
And laid his unvoiced grief on Allah's heart.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

That prayer which has no form, no words, no
cry, nothing but a silent wrestling for mercy —
the struggle of a great agony which God sees and
hears.

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

November 7.

Can a woman forget her infant, so as not to have
pity on the son of her womb ? And if she should
forget, yet will I not forget thee.

ISAIAH xlix.

How the children leave us : and no traces
Linger of that smiling, happy band ;
Gone, forever gone ; and in their places
Weary men and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, still ours ;
They have kept the baby smile we know.
Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers,
On their dead white faces long ago.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never ;
Death's last kiss has been the mystic sign
Consecrating Love our own forever,
Crowning it eternal and divine.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Every child that dies is for the time being an only one ; — yes, his individuality no time, no change, can ever replace.

LIFE OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

November 8.

And so we went toward Rome. And from thence, when the brethren had heard of us, they came to meet us, as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns : whom when Paul saw, he gave thanks to God, and took courage. ACTS xxviii.

The pageant of a kingdom vast,
And things unutterable, pass'd
Before the prophet's eye ;
Dread shadows of th' eternal throne,
The fount of life, and altar-stone,
Pavement, and them that tread thereon,
And those who worship nigh.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

For three hundred years the mightiest empire the world ever saw strove with all its power to drive the Church of God from off the face of the earth. All that force could do was tried, and tried in vain. The Church withdrew itself, but was still visible. It worshiped in catacombs, but bore its witness by martyrdom. When the storm was over-past, it ascended from the windings of the catacombs to worship in the basilicas of the empire. It must have been a day full of supernatural joy, a resurrection from the grave, when the Christians of Rome met each other in the streets of the city by the light of the noonday sun.

CARDINAL MANNING.

November 9.

Salute Prisca and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus (who have for my life exposed their own necks: to whom not I only give thanks, but also all the churches of the Gentiles), and the church which is in their house.

ROMANS xvi.

Last Sunday I was in a lost church found again, — a church of the second or third century, dug in a green hill of the Campagna, built under ground; its secret entrance like a sand-martin's nest. . . . And here now lighted for the first time . . . are the marbles of those early Christian days, the first efforts of their new hope to show itself in enduring record, the new hope of a Good Shepherd: — there they carved Him, with a spring flowing at his feet, and round Him the cattle of the Campagna in which they had dug their church; the very selfsame goats which this morning have been trotting past my window through the most populous streets of Rome, innocently following their shepherd, tinkling their bells, and shaking their long spiral horns and white beards; the very same dew-lapped cattle which were that Sunday morning feeding on the hill-side above, carved on the tomb-marbles sixteen hundred years ago.

JOHN RUSKIN (ROME, 1874).

November 10.

Now there are diversities of graces, but the same spirit: and there are diversities of ministries, but the same Lord.

1 CORINTHIANS xii.

The rash man precipitates a perilous crisis for

want of fortitude to await the natural course of events.

In cases of defence 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems :
So the proportions of defence are filled.

SHAKESPEARE.

It is a mystery why many generous persons believe repugnance to any duty to be a sign that they are called to perform it. They do the work ill, and probably assume a burthen which should rest elsewhere. Many unavoidable duties are painful, and strength comes with their fulfillment; but other things being equal, aptitude and desire are marks of vocation. Nature has a right to be heard, and she is prompt to punish if we do not listen.

If Abraham had been a woman he would have insisted on sacrificing Isaac.

R. F.

November 11.

For He is not the God of dissension, but of peace : as also I teach in all the churches of the saints.

1 CORINTHIANS XV.

Our warfare is in darkness. Friend for foe
Blindly, and oft with swords exchanged, we
strike :

Opinion guesses : Faith alone can know
Where actual and illusive still are like.

AUBREY DE VERE.

It was great blasphemy when the devil said, "I will ascend and be like the Highest;" but it is greater blasphemy to personate God, and bring

Him in, saying, "I will descend, and be like the prince of darkness;" and what is it better, to make the cause of religion to descend to the cruel and execrable actions of murdering princes, butchery of people, and subversion of states and governments? Surely this is to bring down the Holy Ghost, instead of the likeness of a dove, in the shape of a vulture or raven.

BACON.

November 12.

Now the centurion and they that were with him watching Jesus, having seen the earth quake, and the things that were done, were greatly afraid, saying: Indeed this was the Son of God.

MATTHEW xvii.

Truest Sun, upon us stream
 With Thy calm, perpetual beam,
 In the Spirit's still sunshine
 Making sense and thought divine.

With that joy replenishèd
 Morn shall glow with modest red,
 Noon with beaming face be bright,
 Eve be soft without twilight.

HYMN: LAUDS. [NEWMAN.]

I remember years ago how the first sight of Palestine seemed to adjust for me the two thoughts of the local and the universal Christ as I had never been able to adjust them before. . . . All thought, like all life, must begin with specialness, must fasten itself upon one point of the great earth; but just as Jesus in his influence upon our race has left behind Judea and its geography and gone forth to become the possession of the world, so it would seem as if his teaching

were always starting from special problems only to extend itself to the great principles which underlie those problems and which have their applications throughout all human life.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

November 13.

For I also was my father's son, tender and as an only son in the sight of my mother.

PROVERBS iii.

Shut in from all the world without,
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
 Content to let the north-wind roar
 In baffled rage at pane and door,
 While the red logs before us beat
 The frost-line back with tropic heat;
 And ever, when a louder blast
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
 The merrier up its roaring draught
 The great throat of the chimney laughed,
 The house-dog, on his paws outspread,
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head;

.
 The mug of cider simmered slow,
 The apples sputtered in a row,
 And close at hand, the basket stood
 With nuts from brown October's wood.

WHITTIER.

But what I remember as the chief charm of my native place is the affection my family had for me, which impressed my soul in earliest childhood. I believe that if there is any worth in my character, it came from these sweet feelings and the constant happiness of loving and being loved. What a gift does Heaven bestow upon us in the virtue of parents!

MARMONTEL (1723-1799).

November 14.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them who have slept through Jesus will God bring with Him.

THESSALONIANS iv.

How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on !
The dear home faces whereupon

That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still ;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
Alas for him who never sees

The stars shine through his cypress-trees !
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play !
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own !

WHITTIER.

I could think of nothing else this morning than that eternity of good which awaits us ; but where all would seem to me little or nothing, if it were not for that love of the great God, which reigns there eternal, inviolable, active forever and ever.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

November 15. St. Gertrude, 1264-1292.

Therefore shall they receive a kingdom of glory, and a crown of beauty at the hand of the

Lord : for with his right hand he will cover them,
and with his holy arm he will defend them.

WISDOM v.

When she pleads for us, at her sweet petition,
That we may sing with conscience pure of sin,
From debt of guilt, oh grant us thy remission
And peace within.

BREVIARY. [REV. G. MOULTRIE.]

Christ himself revealed that He had in the heart of Gertrude a pleasant dwelling place. She helped with daily prayers the souls of the just condemned to the purifying fire. She wrote much for the fostering of godliness, and her writings are among the classics of ascetic literature. Her last illness was rather the wasting of homesickness than any veritable disease, and she was released from this world in the year of our Lord 1292.

AFTER THE BREVIARY.

November 16.

By whose stripes you were healed. 1 PETER ii.

We to our dying hour were sinners there ;
And all were slain ; but at the murderous blow,
Warned us an instant light that flashed from
heaven,
And all from life did peacefully depart,
Contrite, forgiving, and by Him forgiven,
To look on whom such longing yearns our
heart.

If thou mayst e'er the territory see
That lies betwixt Romagna and the seat

Where Charles hath sway, do thou so courteous be
 As to implore the men in Fano's town
 To put up prayers there earnestly for me
 That I may purge the sins that weigh me down.

DANTE: PURGATORY. [T. W. PARSONS.]

What must be the necessary efficacy of an eternal love? Here is a very mine of golden consolation. He who has not ceased to love us from forever will not lightly withdraw his love. He will not easily surrender to his enemies a creature whom He has borne in his bosom like a nurse from the beginning.

FABER.

November 17.

Who his own self bore our sins in his body
 upon the tree.

1 PETER ii.

A stream, whose course is Casentino's base,
 Springs in the Apennines, Archiano called;
 There where that name is lost in Arno's flood,
 Exhausted I arrived, footsore and galled,
 Pierced in my throat, painting the plain with
 blood.

Here my sight failed me and I fell; the last
 Word that I spake was Mary's name, and then
 From my deserted flesh the spirit passed.

The truth I tell now, tell to living men;
 God's angel took me, but that fiend of Hell
 Screamed out: "Ha! thou from Heaven, why
 robb'st thou me?"

His soul thou get'st for one small tear that fell."

DANTE: PURGATORY. [T. W. PARSONS.]

God cannot love otherwise than with an overflowing love, rewarding the most trivial actions, canonizing the most transitory wishes, and placing

around every step of life such a retinue of graces, such an attendance of angels, such an apparatus of sacraments, that the self-will must be strong indeed which can break away from God and lose itself.

FABER.

November 18. Dedication of the Cathedral Churches at Rome of the Apostles Peter and Paul.

And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

APOCALYPSE XXI.

Wherever burning lamps enlock the tomb
In golden glamour and in golden gloom,
There on the earth in peace, and in the air
An aspiration of eternal prayer;
So many a man in immemorial years
Has scarcely seen that image for his tears,
So oft have women found themselves alone
With Christ and Mary on the well-worn stone.

F. W. H. MYERS. (ROME, *January 7, 1870.*)

Thither came the Emperor Constantine the Great upon the eighth day after his baptism, and, taking off his crown, cast himself down upon the ground and wept abundantly. Then presently he took a spade and pickaxe and began to break up the earth, whereof he carried away twelve baskets full in honor of the twelve Apostles, and built a church upon that spot appointed for the Cathedral Church of the Prince of the Apostles. . . . This church fell in course of time to ruins, and was rebuilt from the foundations by the zeal of many Popes.

THE BREVILIARY.

November 19. St. Elizabeth (called) of Hungary.

I know how to be brought low, and I know how to abound.

PHILIPPIANS iv.

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,
But most in man, how wonderful thou art!

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

St. Elizabeth was born in the year of our Lord 1207. At thirteen years of age she was married to Louis, Landgrave of Hesse and Thuringia, and she had lived with him in exquisite happiness for seven years, when he died on his way to the Holy War. She, who had been in very truth a queen and the mother of her people, was turned adrift in the world by a cruel brother-in-law, and found refuge, with her three little children, in a convent of Franciscan nuns. In her twenty-fourth year death gave her the true crown of life. She had received all the changes of this world with a sweet dignity, and when the hour of her departure came, she turned her face away from those about her bed and, without moving her lips, sang as if a nightingale were in her throat, and so died singing.

November 20.

I say to you that their Angels in heaven always see the face of my Father who is in heaven.

MATTHEW xviii.

Our God in Heaven, from that holy place,
To each of us an angel guide has given;

But mothers of dead children have more grace,—
For they give angels to their God and Heaven.

Those little hands stretched down to draw her
ever

Nearer to God by mother love: we all
Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never,
With such a stake in Heaven, fail or fall.

She knows that when the mighty angels raise
Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone
Is hers forever, that one little praise,
One little happy voice is all her own.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

*November 21. Presentation of the Blessed
Virgin Mary.*

Who is this that cometh up like the sun?
This, comely as Jerusalem?

CANTICLES viii.

Blest, in the message Gabriel brought;
Blest, by the work the Spirit wrought;
From whom the great Desire of earth
Took human flesh and human birth.

HYMN: BREVIARY. [NEALE.]

Joachim took to wife that most eminent and praiseworthy woman, Anne. And even as the ancient Hannah, being stricken with barrenness, by prayer and promise became the mother of Samuel, so likewise this woman received from God the mother of God, that in fruitfulness she might not be behind any of the famous matrons. . . . Mary became the Lady of every creature, since she hath been mother of the Creator. She first saw the light in Joachim's house, hard by

the pool of Bethesda at Jerusalem, and was carried to the Temple.

AFTER THE BREVIARY.

And through the east shall ring her name,
And Mahomet himself proclaim
In these mysterious words her fame: —

*“Speak, Koran! tell how Mary, wise,
Entered the temple at sunrise,
And veiled herself from mortal eyes.”*

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

November 22. St. Cecilia, Patroness of Music.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,
and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.
: . . Upon an instrument of ten strings: upon the
harp with a solemn sound.

PSALM xci.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not
dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell?

DRYDEN.

November 23.

Because thy loving kindness is better than
life, my lips shall praise Thee.

PSALM lxii.

Oh, look upon the hazel bough!

The flowers there are bright as gold,
Tho' all is cold and wintry now,
Their little petals still unfold.

Hark! don't you hear a gladsome song,
A merry chirp from tiny throat? —
The snowbird all the winter long
Will cheer us with his happy note.

DORA READ GOODALE.

There is a great deal of self-will in the world,
but very little genuine independence of character.
All imitation of others is more or less an untruth.
We are ourselves, and we must act as ourselves,
and be like ourselves, and consistent with our-
selves; and this is hardly what any of us ever
are. . . . A discernible self, even if it be an un-
satisfactory self, is a grand, genuine, vigorous,
and wholesome truth, with a strange and gracious
propensity to be very humble, as truths always
are.

FABER.

November 24. St. John of the Cross.

Blessed is the man that is found without blem-
ish, and hath not gone after gold, neither hath
put his trust in riches nor in treasure. Who is
he, and we will call him blessed? For wonderful
things hath he done in his life.

ECCLESIASTES xxxi.

With what a love, what soft, persuasive might
 Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,
 Thy tale complete of saints thou dost provide,
 To fill the throne which angels lost through pride !

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

To endure all things with an equal and peaceful mind not only brings with it many blessings to the soul ; but it also enables us, in the midst of our difficulties, to have a clear judgment about them, and to minister the fitting remedy for them.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS (1542-1591). FOUNDER WITH ST. THERESA
 OF THE ORDER OF BAREFOOTED CARMELITES.

*November 25. St. Katherine of Alexandria,
 Virgin and Martyr.*

And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held.

APOCALYPSE VI.

Spare thy people, who hymn
 the praise of the blest.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

This Katherine was a noble maiden, who joined the study of the liberal arts with fervent faith, and in a short while came to such a height of holiness and learning that at eighteen years of age she prevailed over the chiefest wits. Seeing many Christians tortured and haled to death by order of Maximin, she rebuked him for his cruelty and gave many sage reasons why the faith of Christ should be needful for salvation. Maximin strove to beguile Katherine with fair words, but finding her obdurate, he had her tormented with scourging, imprisonment, and starvation,

and finally fastened to a wheel set with sharp blades. This wheel dropped to pieces in answer to her prayers, and she met her death at the hand of the headsman, bravely offering her neck to the stroke. Her body was marvelously laid by angels on Mount Sinai in Arabia.

AFTER THE BREVIARY.

November 26.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks ; so
panteth my soul after Thee, O God ! PSALM xli.

The loved and lost once more shall meet us ;
Joys that never were ours shall greet us ;
Delights for the love of the Cross foregone
Full faced salute us, ashamed of none.
Heroes unnamed the storm that weathered
There shall sceptred stand and crown'd ;
Apostles the wilder'd flocks that gather'd
Sit throned with nations round.

AUBREY DE VERE.

I therefore, O my Praise and my Life, God of my heart, laying aside for a while her good deeds, for which I give thanks to Thee, with joy, do now beseech Thee for the sins of my mother. Hearken unto me, I entreat Thee, by the medicine of our wounds, who hung upon the tree, and now sitting at thy right hand maketh intercession to Thee for us. I know that she dealt mercifully, and from her heart forgave her debtors their debts. Do Thou also forgive her debts, whatever she may have contracted in so many years, since the water of salvation.

PRAYER OF ST. AUGUSTINE FOR HIS MOTHER.

November 27.

The Lord is my light and my salvation ; whom
shall I fear ?

PSALM xxvi.

When I forbore my listening faculty
To mark one spirit uprisen amid the band,
Who joined both palms and lifted them on high
(First having claimed attention with his hand)
And towards the Orient bent so fixed an eye
As 't were he said, "My God ! on Thee alone
My longing rests." Then from his lips there
came,
" *Te lucis ante,*" so devout of tone,
So sweet, my mind was ravished by the same :
The others next, full sweetly and devout,
Fixing their gaze on the supernal wheels,
Followed him chanting the whole Psalm through-
out.

DANTE : PURGATORY. [T. W. PARSONS.]

Let none sever her from thy protection : let
neither the lion nor the dragon interpose himself
by force or fraud. For she will not answer that
she owes nothing, lest she be convicted and seized
by the crafty accuser : but she will answer, that
her sins are forgiven her by Him, to whom
none can repay that price which He, who owed
nothing, paid for us.

PRAYER OF ST. AUGUSTINE FOR HIS MOTHER.

November 28.

Death is swallowed up in victory.

1 CORINTHIANS xv.

Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;

While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

FABER.

Forgive her, Lord, forgive, I beseech Thee; enter not into judgment with her. Let thy mercy be exalted above thy justice, since thy words are true, and Thou hast promised mercy unto the merciful. . . . And I believe Thou hast already done what I ask; but accept, O Lord, the free-will offering of my mouth. For she, the day of her dissolution now at hand, took no thought to have her body sumptuously wound up or embalmed with spices, . . . but desired only to have her name commemorated at thy altar, which she had served without intermission of one day, whence she knew that holy Sacrifice to be dispensed by which the hand-writing that was against us is blotted out.

PRAYER OF ST. AUGUSTINE FOR HIS MOTHER.

November 29.

God is my strong one, in Him will I trust; my shield, and the horn of my salvation: He lifteth me up and is my refuge: my saviour, Thou wilt deliver me from iniquity.

2 KINGS xxii.

“To none is passable the strait
When either of these keys be vainly tried,
And in the wards without response it grate.

From Peter's hand I hold them. He on me
Enjoined this rule, that I should rather err
In opening unto penitents, than be
Slow to unbind, if at my feet they were.

Then of that pass he pushed the sacred gate,
 Saying: Go in; but be ye warned, before
 You enter! who looks back returneth straight."

DANTE: PURGATORY. [T. W. PARSONS.]

And what hosts of venial sins, forgotten and unrepented of, may not a man possibly take with him into the next world, as matter for the fires of purgatory, and which can only delay, and not prohibit his entrance into glory! All this does not look as if God were a taskmaster, nor as if heaven were only for the few.

FABER.

November 30. St. Andrew, Apostle.

I am well pleased, because the Lord hath heard
 the voice of my supplication.

PSALM cxiv.

And when the hinge-bolts of the holy door,
 Which are of strong and sounding metal, rolled
 Round in their sockets, the Tarpeian rock,
 When robbed of good Metellus and its gold,
 Rung not so loud nor yielded such a shock.
 At the first thunder, as the portal swung
 I looked about, and as I stood intent
 Heard *Te Deum laudamus!* clearly sung,
 And the gate's music with the song was blent.

DANTE: PURGATORY. [T. W. PARSONS.]

A hard life makes an easy death. But what life is more hard than one of detachment? A man who is detached is no longer a child of earth: he is an angel entangled in mortal flesh. He is living in Heaven already; only he lives there blindfold, and sees not the Vision yet. Men like these — how peacefully they die! They die with natural ease, as if they were used to it and had done so many times before.

FABER.

Andrew, the good teacher, the friend of God, was led to the cross, and when he saw it afar off, he said : God bless thee, O cross, — be welcome to the follower of Him that hung on thee, even my Master Christ.

BREVIARY.

December

December 1.

HE causeth the grass to grow for the cattle and herb for the service of men ; that Thou mayest bring forth food out of the earth, and wine that maketh glad the heart of man. PSALM ciii.

For mellow pears we have gathered in,
For rosy apples, and well-filled bin,
 That tell of a fruitful year ;
For golden grain that is stored away,
For fragrant piles of the clover hay,
 Let us thank our Father dear.

For the year that is past and the year to come,
For the ripened stores of our harvest home,
 For the home that blossoms here ;
For the thoughts and fancies that round it cling,
For the hearts that love and the lips that sing,
 Let us thank our Father dear.

DORA READ GOODALE.

Ah, how many petitions we put up to God for desired blessings, and how few thanksgivings for the blessings granted ! If our eyesight or our hearing were taken away, we should utter endless prayers for their restoration ; but we shall look and listen all through the coming year and perhaps never dream of giving thanks for the exquisite sights and sounds that will bless each day.

December 2.

Shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

PSALM xxxi.

The Curlew Mountains are fine in winter,
 They are not imbedded in ice and snow ;
 The cuckoo calls from the green wood's centre,
 The thrush and the corncrake sing below.

The hounds are hunting, the rocks resounding,
 They follow the fawn that flies before ;
 The torrent comes down from the mountain
 bounding,
 Salmon are leaping beside the shore.

I think of my mountain late and early,
 Where blossoms are golden and glad and gay ;
 Where the wheat springs high and the yellow
 barley,
 And birds are piping on every spray.

The tips of the rushes are heavy with honey,
 There's butter and cream from the silken kine ;
 No northern snow on its slopes so sunny
 Will trouble its coasts or its harbors fine.

FROM THE IRISH. [PILOT, *July* 16, 1892.]

We should be pleasanter and more convincing
 evidences of Christianity if we showed habitually
 a spirit of contentment.

*December 3. St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of
 the Indies, 1506-1552.*

Behold ye among the nations and see : wonder
 and be astonished : for a good work is done in
 your days, which no man will believe when it is
 told.

HABBACUC i.

Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart
 ran

With lofty message, ran for you and me ;
 For God's law, since the starry song began
 Hath been, and still forevermore must be,
 That every deed that shall outlast Time's span
 Must goad the soul to be erect and free.

LOWELL.

In the visions of the night, he had often groaned beneath the incumbent weight of a wild Indian, of ebon hue and gigantic stature, seated on his shoulders. . . . And now, when the clearer sense and the approaching accomplishment of those dark intimations were disclosed to him, passionate sobs attested the rapture which his tongue was unable to speak. He fell on his knees before Ignatius, kissed the feet of the holy father, repaired his tattered cassock, and with no other provision than his breviary left Rome on the 15th of March, 1540, for Lisbon, his destined port of embarkation for the East.

ESSAYS IN ECCLESIASTICAL BIOGRAPHY.

December 4.

Immediately he followeth her as an ox led to be a victim, . . . not knowing that he is drawn like a fool to bonds.

PROVERBS vii.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
 As to diserve the crafty cunning traine,
 By which Deceit doth mask in visor faire,
 And cast her colours died deep in graine,
 To seeme like Truth whose shape she well can
 faine,

And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltless man with guile to entertain.

EDMUND SPENSER.

The flatterer's art lies in touching an unworn nerve. He must be skillful indeed who can please a man's vanity by praising him for an excellence acknowledged by all. But let the sycophant shuffle his compliments, and give to the philanthropist those which by right belong to the man of fashion; to the belle those suited to the astute thinker, and he shall discover the weakness of his victims, the vulnerable spot they had thought it unnecessary to guard.

December 5.

My son, keep the commandments of thy father
and forsake not the law of thy mother.

PROVERBS vi.

Parents who fail to measure their marks of approval by the conduct of their children act equally in opposition to the laws of God and of society. All that is worth having in life is earned and paid for; and the earlier we learn the lesson, the better. Some tender women could more readily fight beasts in the Coliseum than the evil tendencies of their children in the nursery; but it is downright selfishness to leave the poor things to learn these lessons by the cold-shouldering of the world. Few children by nature appreciate what comes to them without effort; therefore the truest tenderness is shown by firmness, justice, and steady guidance, exercised with cheerfulness and good temper.

For December, and January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter; holly, ivy, bays, juniper, cypress-trees, yew, pineapple-trees; fir-trees, rosemary, lavender; germander-flags, orange-trees, lemon-trees, and myrtles, if they be stoved; and sweet marjoram, warm set.

BACON.

December 6.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord.

ISAIAH.

Christ is coming! — from thy bed,
Earth-bound soul, awake and spring, —
With the sun new-risen to shed
Health on human suffering.

Lo! to grant a pardon free;
Comes a willing Lamb from Heaven;
Sad and tearful, hasten we,
One and all, to be forgiven.

ADVENT: LAUDS. [CARDINAL NEWMAN.]

No one ever has been or ever can be lost by surprise or trapped in his ignorance; and, as to those who may be lost, I confidently believe that our Heavenly Father threw his arms round each created spirit, and looked it full in the face with bright eyes of love, in the darkness of its mortal life, and that of its own deliberate will it would not have Him.

FABER.

*December 7. St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan,
340-397.*

Do not fear, but speak and hold not thy peace.

ACTS xviii.

His brow was large and grand,
And meet for governing ;
The beauty of his holiness
Did crown him like a king.

S. H. PALFREY.

The Old and the New Testament met in the person of Ambrose: the implacable hostility to idolatry, the abhorrence of every deviation from the established formulary of belief; the wise and courageous benevolence, the generous and unselfish devotion to the great interests of humanity.

MILMAN.

St. Ambrose was the consoler of St. Monica and the guide of St. Augustine. He controlled the passionate Emperor Theodosius and met every form of cruelty and tyranny with resolute opposition, whether Christians or their opponents were the offenders against charity.

December 8. Immaculate Conception.

And the angel, being come in, said unto her :
Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee : Blessed
art thou among women.

LUKE I.

Both grace and nature did their force unite
To make this babe the sum of all their best ;
Our most, her least, our million, but her mite ;
She was at easiest rate worth all the rest.
What grace to men or angels God did part,
Was all united in this infant's heart.

SOUTHWELL.

It was fitting that a fullness of grace should be poured into that Virgin who hath given to God glory and to man a Saviour, who hath brought

peace to earth, who hath given faith to the Gentiles, who hath killed sin, who hath given law to life, who hath made the crooked ways straight. . . . The fullness of blessing in Mary utterly neutralized in her any effects of the sin of Eve.

ST. JEROME.

December 9.

Thou art clothed with honor and majesty, covering thyself with light as with a garment.

PSALM ciii.

O God, my God, in whatsoever ill ;
Be present while thou strikest, thus shall grow
At least a solemn patience with the pain ;
When thou art gone, what is there in the world
Seems not dishonored, desperate with sin ?
The stars are threatful eyeballs, and the air
Hangs thick and heavy with the wrath of God.

F. W. H. MYERS.

Thus the attributes of God, though intelligible to us on their surface, — for from our own sense of mercy and holiness and patience and consistency, we have general notions of the All-merciful and All-holy and All-patient, and of what is proper to his Essence, — yet, for the very reason that they are infinite, transcend our comprehension, and can only be received by faith. They are dimly shadowed out in this very respect, by the great agents which He has created in the material world. What is so ordinary or familiar with us as the elements, what so simple and level to us as their presence and operation ? Yet how their character changes, and how they overmaster us, when they come upon us in their fullness !

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

December 10.

Who makest the clouds thy chariot, who walkest upon the wings of the wind !

PSALM ciii.

O weake life ! that does leane
On thing so tickle as th' unsteady air,

Now boiling hot ; straight freezing deadly cold ;
Now fair sunshine, that makes all skip and dance ;
Straight bitter storms and baleful countenance
That makes them all to shiver and to shake.

EDMUND SPENSER.

The invisible air, how gentle is it, and intimately ours ! We breathe it momentarily, nor could we live without it ; it fans our cheek, and flows around us, and we move through it without effort, while it obediently recedes at every step we take, and obsequiously pursues us as we go forward. Yet let it come in its power, and that same silent fluid, which was just now the servant of our necessity or caprice, takes us upon its wings with the invisible power of an angel, and carries us forth into the regions of space, and flings us down headlong upon the earth.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

December 11.

The waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled : at the voice of thy thunder they hasted fearfully away.

PSALM ciii.

Nor is the water in more constant care ;
Whether those same on high, or these below.
For th' ocean moveth still from place to place ;

And every river still doth ebbe and flowe ;
 Nor any lake that seems most still and slowe,
 Nor pool so small, that can his smoothness holde
 When any wind doth under heaven blowe ;
 With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
 Now like great hills ; and straight, like sluices
 them unfold.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Or go to the spring, and draw there at your pleasure, for your cup or your pitcher, in supply of your wants, you have a ready servant, . . . to satisfy your thirst, or to purify you from the dust and mire of the world. But go from home, reach the coast, and you will see that same humble element transformed before your eyes. . . . Who shall hear without awe the dashing of the mighty billows along the beach ? Who shall without terror feel it heaving unto him, and swelling and mounting up, and yawning wide, till he, its very mockery and sport, is thrown to and fro, hither and thither, at the mere mercy of a power which was just now his companion and almost his slave ?

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

December 12.

Who makest thine angels spirits : and thy ministers a flame of fire !

PSALM ciii.

Last is the Fire ; which, though it live forever,
 Nor can be quenched quite ; yet, every day,
 We see his parts, so soon as they do sever,
 To lose their heat and shortly to decay ;
 So makes himself his own condemning prey :
 Nor any living creatures doth he breed ;
 But all that are of others bred, doth slay ;

And with their death his cruel life doth feed ;
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without
seed.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Or again, approach the flame ; it warms you,
and it enlightens you ; yet approach not too near,
presume not, or it will change its nature. That
very element which is so beautiful to look at, so
brilliant in its light, so graceful in its figure, so
soft and lambent in its motion, is in its essence of
a keen, resistless kind ; it tortures, it consumes,
it reduces to ashes that of which it was just before
the illumination and the life.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

December 13.

And now the third day was come, and the
morning appeared : and behold, thunders began
to be heard, and lightning to flash, and a very
thick cloud to cover the mount, and the noise of
the trumpet sounded exceeding loud : and the
people that was in the camp, feared. . . . And
the sound of the trumpet grew by degrees louder
and louder, and was drawn out to a greater length :
Moses spoke and God answered him. EXODUS xix.

So is it with the attributes of God ; our know-
ledge of them serves for our daily welfare ; they
give us light and warmth and food and guidance
and succor ; but go forth with Moses on the mount
and let the Lord pass by, or with Elias stand in
the desert amid the wind, the earthquake, and
the fire, and all is mystery and darkness ; all is
but a whirling of the reason, and a dazzling of
the imagination, and an overwhelming of the feel-
ings, reminding us that we are but mortal men

and He is God, and that the outlines which nature draws for us are not his perfect image, nor inconsistent with the lights and depths with which it is invested by revelation. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

December 14.

But he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.

2 CORINTHIANS x.

Rubies there were, sapphires, ragounes,
And emeralds, more than two unces.
But all before full subtilly
A fine carbuncle set saw I,
The stone so clear was and so bright,

That Richesse wonder bright yshone
Bothe her head, and all her face
And eke about her all the place. CHAUCER.

Does the beauty of gems attract your eyes to them, to wonder at them? I know that it does. But the excellence of the beauty which is in gems is theirs, not yours. . . . Though they are God's creatures, they are not to be compared with you. . . . We too much despise ourselves when we love that which is beneath us, in our own power, more than ourselves, or the Lord who made us and gave us all good things. KING ALFRED'S BOËTHIUS.

December 15.

Envy and anger shorten a man's days, and pensiveness will bring old age before the time.

ECCLESIASTICUS xxx.

When hand
Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship,
And great hearts expand
And grow one in the sense of this world's life.

BROWNING.

“Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over, he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon; and Solomon, I am sure, saith, ‘It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence.’ . . . This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.” Thus does Lord Bacon speak of real offenses, and the way to meet them. Of those imaginary grievances, those nurslings of our own fancy which we nourish so fondly, and part with so unwillingly, he says: “They cloud the mind, they lose friends, and they check with business, whereby business cannot go on currently and constantly. They dispose kings to tyranny, husbands to jealousy, wise men to irresolution and melancholy.”

December 16.

I found an altar also on which was written:
To the unknown God. What therefore you worship,
without knowing it, that I preach to you.

ACTS xvii.

O somewhere, somewhere, God unknown,
Exist and be!
I am dying; I am all alone;
I must have Thee!

God! God! my sense, my soul, my all,
Dies in the cry: —

Saw'st thou the faint star flame and fall?
Ah! it was I.

A LAST APPEAL. F. W. H. MYERS.

Is it not a terrible responsibility to resist oneself — to resist God?

DUPANLOUP.

The best road to faith is an honest effort after great purity of life, for when the light shineth in darkness, the darkness does not comprehend it. It is true that faith has sometimes cleft through formidable barriers of sin, but we are speaking of the usual action of grace, not of those miracles which are akin to earthquakes and volcanoes amid the forces of Nature.

December 17.

For the heart of this people has grown gross, and with their ears they have been dull of hearing, and their eyes they have shut. MATTHEW xiii.

'T is his punishment to hear
Flutterings of pinions near,
And his own vain wings to feel
Drooping, downward to his heel,
All their grace and import lost,
Burdening his weary ghost.

LOWELL.

Then began Wisdom to grieve for the frailty of the mind, and began to sing; and thus said: Alas! into how unfathomable a gulf the mind rushes when the troubles of this world agitate it. If it then forget its own light, which is eternal joy, and rush into the outer darkness, which is worldly cares, as this mind now does; now it knows nothing else but lamentations.

KING ALFRED'S BOËTHIUS.

December 18.

Now hardly shall they who have riches enter
into the kingdom of heaven.

MARK X.

Sisters two, all praise to you,
With your faces pinched and blue ;
To the poor man you 've been true
 From of old :
You can speak the keenest word,
You are sure of being heard,
From the point you 're never stirred,
 Hunger and Cold.

Bolt and bar the palace door ;
While the mass of men are poor,
Naked truth grows more and more
 Uncontrolled :
You had never yet, I guess,
Any praise for bashfulness,
You can visit sans court-dress,
 Hunger and Cold.

LOWELL.

When the good Count Gerald died the poor wept for him as their father, and widows and orphans as their protector. He was beautiful in person, the elegance of his manner reflecting the sweetness of his disposition. Sober himself, no one ever left his table dizzy or depressed. Seats and tables were placed for the poor in his presence that he might see them well fed, the number being unlimited, for in each one he fed the Lord Christ. He was a firm and just man, with only one sweet weakness, that his favor leaned towards the poor and helpless.

December 19.

Who knoweth but He will return, and forgive,
and leave a blessing behind him. JOEL ii.

I've borne full many a sorrow, I've suffered
many a loss —
But now, with a strange, new anguish, I carry
this last dread cross ;
For of this be sure, my dearest, whatever thy life
befall,
The cross that our own hands fashion is the
heaviest cross of all.

I go where the shadows deepen, and the end
seems far off yet —
God keep thee safe from the sharing of this woful
late regret !
For of this be sure, my dearest, whatever thy life
befall,
The crosses we make for ourselves, alas ! are the
heaviest ones of all ! KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

Still to the sufferer comes, as gift from God,
A glory that to suffering owes its birth.

ÆSCHYLUS.

Many a soul, beginning his pilgrimage with
sober pace in the valley of humiliation, has
wondered to find himself on the serene heights of
humility.

December 20.

O let the wickedness of the wicked come to an
end, and establish the just ; God trieth the hearts
and reins. PSALM vii.

The merlen cannot ever soar on highe,
 Nor greedy gray hounde still pursue the chase;
 The tender larke will finde a tyme to flye,
 And fearfull hare to run a quiet race,
 He that high growth on cedars did bestowe,
 Gave also lowly mushrumpes leave to growe.

SOUTHWELL.

One nobility belongs to all the faithful, one dignity, one splendor of race, since all are born of the same spirit and of the same sacrament of faith, and are sons of God and coheirs of the same inheritance; the rich and powerful have no other Christ besides him who is followed by the poor; they are initiated in no other sacraments, and have no higher expectation of a celestial kingdom; but all are brethren and members of the body of Christ, of his flesh and of his bones.

CATECHISM OF THE COUNCIL OF TRENT.

December 21. St. Thomas, Apostle.

My Lord and my God!

JOHN XX.

It must have been for one of us, my own,
 To drink this cup and eat this bitter bread;
 Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
 Thy tears had dropped on mine; if I alone
 Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
 My loneliness, and did my feet not tread
 This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
 For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made
 moan.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

St. Thomas' day is one of the untimelinesses which make an impression upon us. Bethlehem disappears, we feel as if the long thick graces of

Lent had been gone through, and there is a fragrance of Easter, sights and sounds of the Risen Life, just when we are building the Crib, in our hearts as well as in our churches. . . . In old times, you had St. Thomas' unbelief, and could hardly believe in the amazing goodness of God; and now, in your very darkness and woe, how has it been given to you to handle and see how good God is even when He is so terrible!

FABER.

December 22.

And thy soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed. LUKE ii.

“Moder,” quoth she, “and mayde bright Marye
 Soth is that through womannes eggement¹
 Mankynd was lorn and damned ay to dye
 For which thy child was on a cross yrent;
 Thy blisful eyes saw all his torment;
 Then is there no comparison betwene
 Thy wo and any wo man may sustene.

“Thou sey thy child slain before thine yen
 And yet now lieth my little child parfay!
 Now, lady bright, to whom all woful cryen,
 Thou glory of womanhood, thou fayre May,
 Thou haven of refuge, bright star of day,
 Rewe on my child, that of thy gentillesse
 Rewest on every rewful in distresse.”

PRAYER OF QUEEN CUSTANCE. CHAUCER.

I often say to the Virgin Mother, how could you be Blessed while on earth, since yours was a life of martyrdom. And yet she was called and

¹ Instigation.

was blessed because from her vale of sorrow she saw the light and loved the good will of God. Thus even for the sufferer the year may be happy.

WORDS OF A HOLY BISHOP.

December 23.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

MATTHEW vi.

But natheless she taketh in good entent
The will of Christ, and kneeling on the strond
She said, Lord ay welcome be thy sond.

He that me kepte from the false blame,
While I was in the land amonges you,
He can me keep from harm and eke from shame
In the salt sea, although I see not how :
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now,
In him trust I, and in his mother dear,
That is to me my sail and eke my stere.

CHAUCER.

As frightened women clutch at the reins when there is danger, so do we grasp at God's government with our prayers. Thanksgiving with a full heart, — and the rest silence and submission to the Divine will.

LONGFELLOW.

December 24. Christmas Eve.

And she brought forth her first born son and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night watches over their flock. And behold an

angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round them; and they feared with a great fear.

LUKE ii.

No place for Him! So Him you drive away;
You drive away your God, your God. Oh, stay!
Oh, height of human madness! wonders rare!
No place for Him! without whom no place were.

CRASHAW [G.].

It would be unlawful to be sad to-day, for to-day is Life's Birthday; the Birthday of that Life which, for us dying creatures, taketh away the sting of death, and bringeth the bright promise of the eternal gladness hereafter. . . . Rejoice, O thou that art holy; thou drawest nearer to thy crown. Rejoice, O thou that art sinful; the Saviour offereth thee pardon. Rejoice, O thou Gentile; God calleth thee to life.

CHRISTMAS SERMON OF POPE LEO THE GREAT.

December 25. Christmas.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good-will.

LUKE ii.

Beginne from first, where He encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betweene the toylfull oxe and humble asse,
And in what rags, and in how base aray,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When Him the silly shepheardes came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on bended knee.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Listen ! the last strip of cloud has floated down under the horizon. The stars burn brightly in the cold air. The night wind, sighing over the pastoral slopes, falls suddenly, floats by, and carries its murmuring train out of hearing. The heaven of the angels opens for one glad moment, and the midnight skies are overflowed with melody, so beautiful that it ravishes the hearts of those who hear, and yet so soft that it troubles not the light slumbers of the restless sheep.

BETHLEHEM. FABER.

December 26. St. Stephen's Day.

All the ends of the earth have seen.

Alleluia, Alleluia.

Answer. All the ends of the earth have seen.

Alleluia, Alleluia.

Verse. The salvation of our God.

Answer. Alleluia, Alleluia.

NONE : CHRISTMAS DAY. [BREVIARY.]

Can this be Christmas — sweet as May,
With drowsy sun and dreamy air,
And new grass pointing out the way
For flowers to follow, everywhere?

Before me, on the wide, warm bay,
A million azure ripples run;
Round me the sprouting palm-shoots lay
Their shining lances to the sun.

With glossy leaves that poise or swing,
The callas their white cups unfold,
And faintest chimes of odor ring
From silver bells with tongues of gold.

Oh, wondrous gift, in goodness given,
 Each hour anew our eyes to greet,
 An earth so fair — so close to Heaven
 'T was trodden by the Master's feet.

I am his creature, and his air
 I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;
 The angels' song rings everywhere,
 And all the earth is Holy Land.

CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA. E. R. SILL.

And they stoned Stephen, invoking, and saying:
 Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. ACTS vii.

December 27. St. John, Apostle and Evangelist.

And the Word was made flesh and dwelt
 among us. JOHN i.

In linen wrapped the Holy Infant lies;
 Mary and Joseph, kneeling, Him adore:
 Such noble company ne'er met before.

About the lowly bed the shepherds stand,
 Silent at first with awe and great surprise,
 And gaze astonished in each other's eyes.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

My cottage would be better than this shed,
 And 't is not far; Him thither will I bear,
 For neither food nor fire is wanting there.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

The royal city were a fitter place;
 I'll take Him there, my cloak shall Him enfold:
 Close to my heart, He will not feel the cold.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

His little hands should in my bosom hide;
 My sighs, I think, at least might warm him more
 Than breath of ox or ass had done before.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

I, if I might, would bathe Him in hot tears,
 Which from my eyes do plenteously flow,
 As I behold Him lying there so low!

SONGS OF TUSCANY. THE SONG OF THE SHEPHERDS.

[F. ALEXANDER.]

Now there was leaning on Jesus's bosom one
 of his disciples, whom Jesus loved. JOHN xiii.

December 28. Childermas.

Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by
 Jeremias the prophet, saying: A voice in Rama
 was heard, lamentation and great mourning:
 Rachel bewailing her children and would not be
 comforted because they are not. MATTHEW ii.

Go, smiling soules, your new-built cages breake,
 In Heaven you'll learne to sing ere here to
 speake:

Nor let the milky fonts that bathe your thirst
 Be your delay;
 The place that calls you hence is, at the worst,
 Milke all the way.

R. CRASHAW.

So moche blood there was spylte
 That the felde was over hylte
 As it were a flood.
 Many a wyfe may sitt and wepe
 That was wont softe to slepe
 And now can they no good.

ANCIENT ROMANCE.

The love of the vile Herod could never have crowned these blessed ones as hath his hatred. For the church testifieth by this holy solemnity, that whereas iniquity did specially abound against these little saints, so much the more were heavenly blessings poured out upon them. ST. AUGUSTINE.

December 29. St. Thomas of Canterbury.

The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep.

JOHN X.

When that Aprille with his showers swoote
The drought of Marche hath pierced to the roote,
And bathéd every vein in such licour,
Of which virtue engendered is the flower,
When Zephirus eek with his swete breathe
Enspired hath in every wood and heathe
The tender croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his half course i-ronne,
And small fowles maken melodie,
That slepen all the night with open eye,
So pricketh them nature in their corages ; —
Then longen folk to go on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seeken stranger strandes,
To distant saints, famous in sundry landes ;
And specially, from every shire's ende
Of Engelond to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blissful martyr for to seeke,
That them hath holpen when that they were sick.

CHAUCER.

“Throw open the doors,” said Thomas à Becket. “The church of God is not to be made a castle of, and for God’s Church I am willing to die.” And to his murderers he said, “I charge you in the name of Almighty God to hurt none of my people ;” and so offered himself to their swords.

December 30.

And they came with haste; and they found
Mary and Joseph; and the infant lying in a
manger.

LUKE ii.

Behold, my heart, the Babe divine,
This night, He left the skies,
And born on earth for sins of thine,
In that rough manger lies.
Canst thou behold, and yet be cold?
Or look with careless eyes?

And see, He naked lies, that thou
Shouldst walk in garments white,
To make thee conqueror, even now,
He comes to toil, and fight.
With welcome sweet his coming greet,
And sing his praise to-night.

He came in winter's frost and cold,
That thou shouldst warmèd be,
That heavenly light should thee enfold,
In midnight shades came He.
Come, meet Him here, with love sincere,
For much hath He loved thee.

ROADSIDE SONGS OF TUSCANY. [F. ALEXANDER.]

The shepherds came with haste. This is how
every one cometh who is really in earnest seeking
Christ.

ST. AMBROSE.

December 31.

And all they that heard wondered; and at
those things that were told them by the shep-
herds. But Mary kept all these words, ponder-
ing them in her heart.

LUKE ii.

Is God with us? Woe's me,
God is with you, ye beasts, I see.
God is with you, ye beasts;
God comes not to our golden feasts.
That God may be with us,
We must provide a lowly house.
God comes to the humble manger,
While to the great house a stranger.

R. CRASHAW [G.].

Bethlehem exists as a living power in its continual production of supernatural things in the souls of men. . . . Its sphere of influence is the whole wide world, the regions where Christmas falls in the heart of summer, as well as in these lands of ours. . . . It soothes the aching heart of the poor pontiff on his throne of heroic suffering and generous self-sacrifice; and it cradles to rest the sick child, who, though it cannot read as yet, has a picture of starry Bethlehem in its heart, which its mother's words have painted there. Bethlehem is daily a light in a thousand dark places, beautifying what is harsh, sanctifying what is lowly, making heavenly the affections which are most of earth.

FABER.

JUNE 11

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